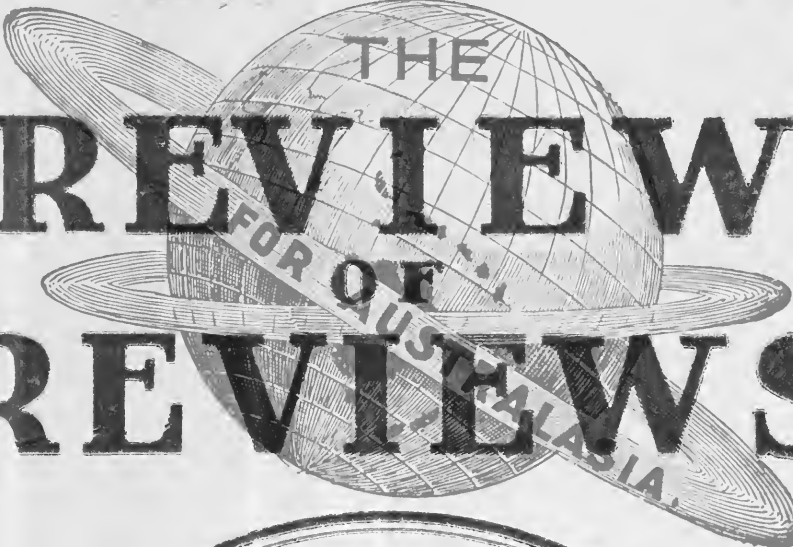


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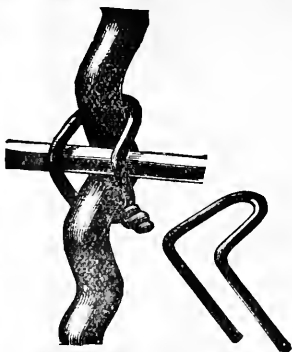
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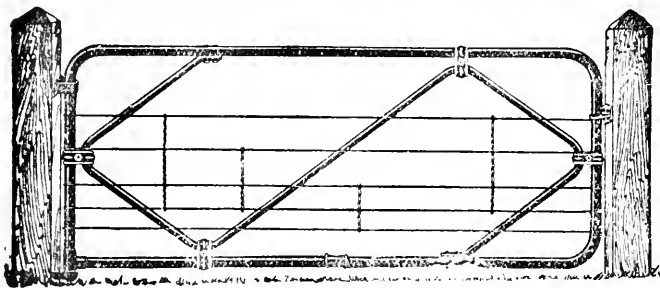


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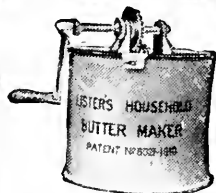
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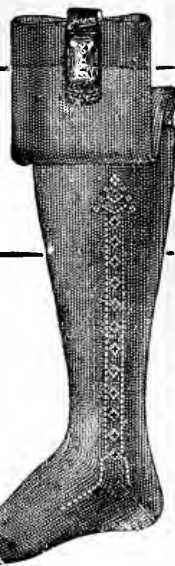
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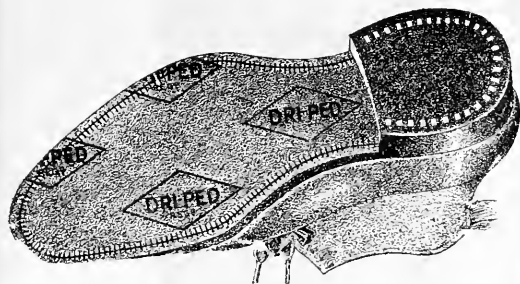
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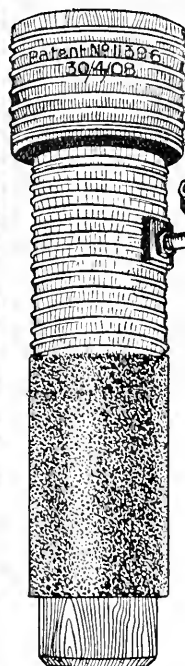
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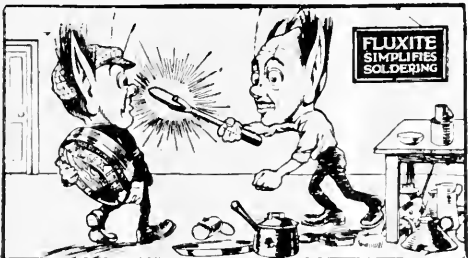
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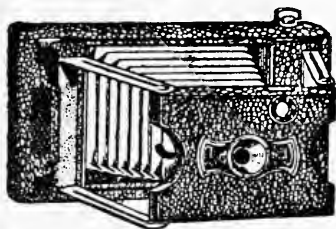
FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1914.

	PAGE		PAGE
Kaiser Reviews British Fleet at Kiel	Frontispiece	Are You a Trades Unionist?	721
Europe at War—		Gran'father. By Maxime Gorky	723
Armageddon	691	Music and the Drama—	
To Her Traditions True	691	Australian National Opera League	724
The Pity of It All	692	Whither, by Mary E. Wilkinson	724
The Empire's Loyalty	692		
Home Rule	692	Leading Articles in the Reviews—	
Huerta Resigns	693	Can Cancer be Cured?	727
The Federal Elections	693	A Slough of Despond	729
Tasmanian Leek-Eating	694	The Big Four in Tennis	731
A Great Socialist Murdered	694	The Railways' Stranglehold	732
The British Association Visit	694	Industrial Organisation	734
Catechism on the European Crisis	695	Who Should Pay?	734
The Dominion House in London. By James		The Alien in America	735
W. Barrett, C.M.G.	709	A President's Conscience	736
Victoriano Huerta: The Man, the Soldier. By		The Police	737
N. C. Adossides	711	The Solvency of Woman	738
A Tragedy of Industry: The Building Trade		The Victors of Waterloo	740
Dispute in England. By A. G. Gardiner	718	The Amazons	741
		King Solomon's Mines	741

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CONTENTS.—Continued from page ix.

	PAGE		PAGE
Leading Articles (Continued)		Notable Books (Continued) —	
An Ancient Profession	742	Short Stories	766
The United States and Mexico	743	Time, and Charles Dickens	767
Wit and Wisdom	745	Two Notable Australian Publications	769
Verse and Song	747	The Back of Beyond	770
Tolstoy's Devil Story	749	Books in Brief	771
A Detachable Ship Upon a Ship	750	Home Circle	774
Borderland Reviews	751	Educational Progress	779
The Senussyehs	752	Financial and Business Quarter—	
Random Readings	753	The Australian Wood Pipe Co. Ltd	783
History of the Month in Caricature	756	The Trustees, Executors and Agency Co. Ltd.	784
Notable Books of the Month—		The Over Seas Club	786
The Queen of Albania	763		
Gilbert and Sullivan	764		
The Quick and the Dead	765		

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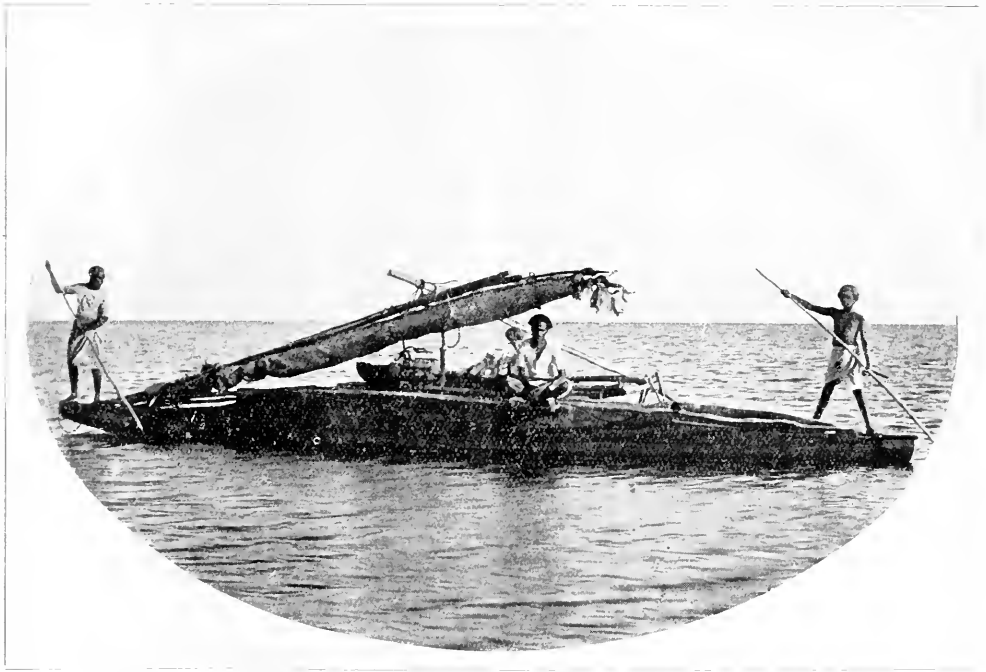
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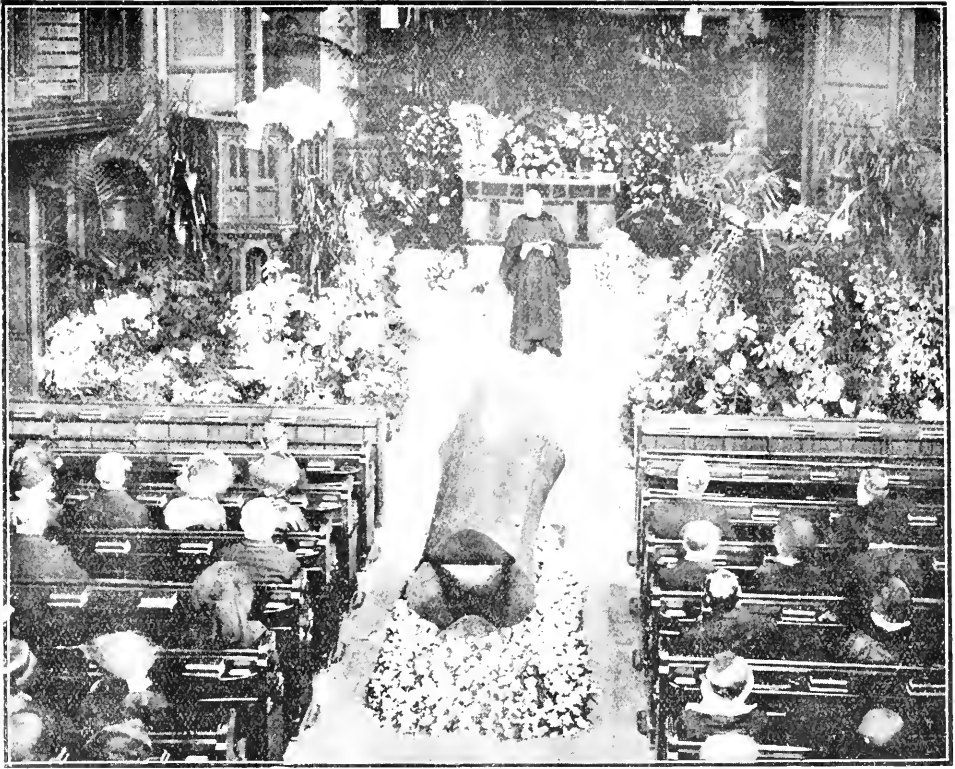
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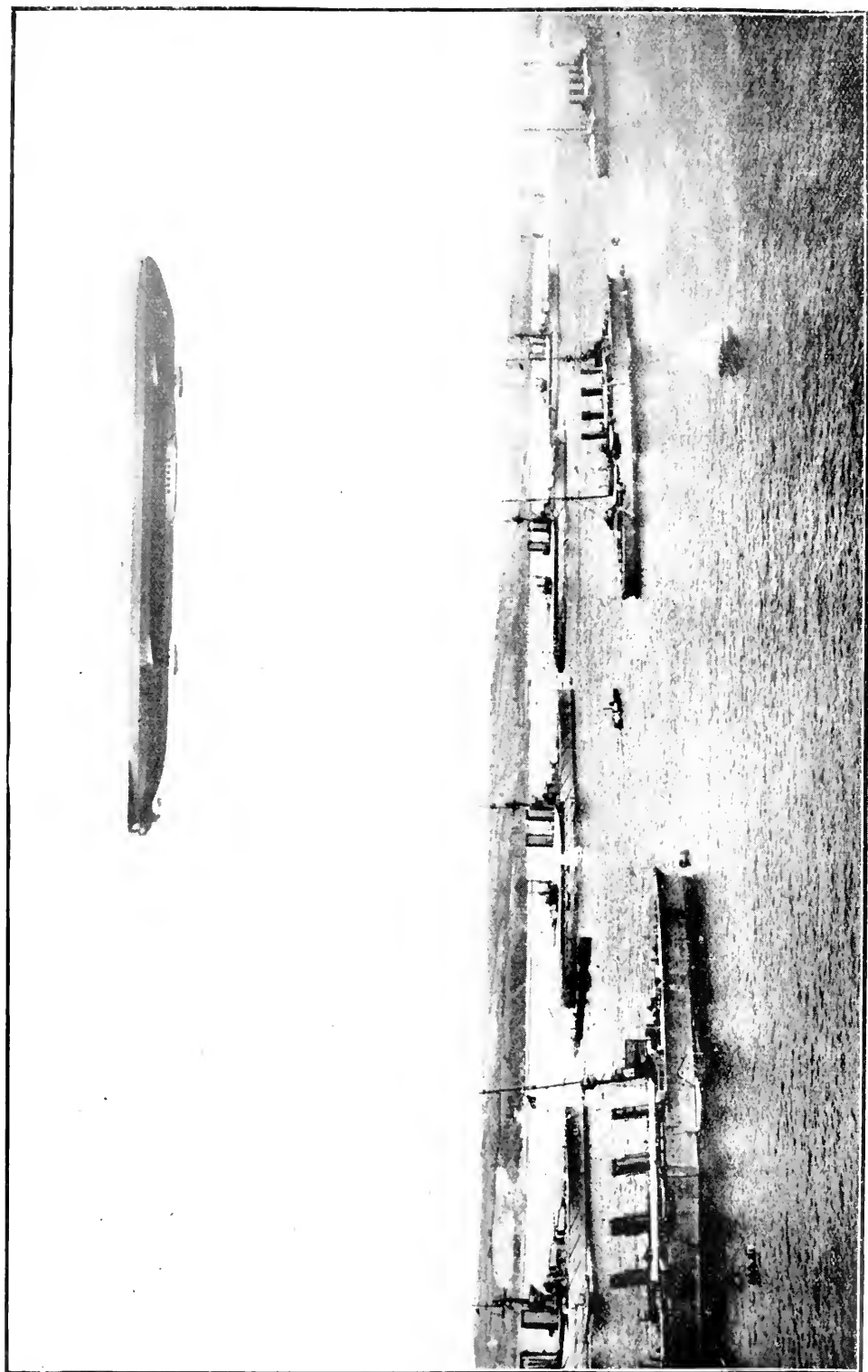
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THE END OF A GREAT PRIMA DONNA.

[Topical.]

The embalmed body of Mme. Nordica, who passed away in Java, after a serious illness which started in Melbourne, in its leaden shell, was placed within a sarcophagus made from two teak trees split in two, and beautifully shaped as a lotus flower. The sarcophagus was made by Chinese in Java. After the funeral service at King's Weigh Church, shown above, the body was cremated at Golders Green, and the ashes will be taken to America for interment.



KAISER REVIEWS BRITISH FLEET IN THE KIEL CANAL JULY 1, 1914.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

AUGUST 12, 1914.

EUROPE AT WAR.

Armageddon!

This month we are writing no "Progress," for there is no progress to chronicle. Instead, we see the whole of Europe in flaming war, reverberating to the tramp of armed millions, shaken and rent by the diapason of the guns. Despite the immense advance of social progress, international amenities, and the growth of cosmopolitanism, the nations have slipped back again, and are settling their differences by barbarous methods, and the legalised murder of hundreds of thousands of men. The result we cannot know, but there is only the sure certainty that millions of men, women and children must suffer terrible hardship, that no matter what the outcome the clock of progress, of scientific research, of human advancement, will be put back many years. Whatever happens, the map of Europe will again be radically altered.

To Her Traditions True.

As we write comes the news that Great Britain is involved in the homeric

struggle. We thank God that she has entered it in answer to the passionate appeal of a small, weak State, whose neutrality she had guaranteed—not because here she saw a chance to crush a naval armament she had come to fear. At a time like this we can write little. With dear friends in Germany, as well as in England and France, we realise terribly the awful nature of the struggle. In a comparative backwater like Australia we see the immense excitement, the upset of trade. What must it be like in the centre of the conflict! In Switzerland, in Holland, and in the belligerent countries themselves! Great Britain we know has again been true to herself. She has tried in every way, consistent with her honour, to avoid the struggle. With courage and consummate statesmanship her leaders have indicated the only path she could tread, and finally, to redeem a promise made 75 years ago, she ranges herself against the violator of the territory of a little neutral State.

The Pity of It All.

Some there be, but only the thoughtless, who rejoice in this terrible outbreak, saying openly here at last is a chance to get even with the Power who was threatening our supremacy. To us the tragedy of it all is too terrible. War, said General Sherman, is hell! Europe is a blazing hell at this moment. Men become primitive brutes; they cannot help it. Even 12,000 miles from the travail and the carnage we will openly rejoice over cables which tell of ghastly slaughter of Germans, and the sinking of ships and vessels of war. The appalling suddenness of it all is well illustrated by our frontispiece. At the beginning of July the widening and deepening of the Kiel Canal was completed, and the occasion was commemorated by the gathering together of great English and German fleets. Down between the lines of British Dreadnoughts went the white Hohenzollern, with the Kaiser aboard. Exactly above the Imperial yacht sailed a majestic Zeppelin, keeping

exact station, and following the Kaiser up and down the lines. The British guns boomed out in salute, the British and German tars fraternised on shore, and never for years had the two nations been so friendly. A month later they are at death-grips, yet neither nation wishes it. European conditions and entangling alliances have made it impossible to avoid a conflict once Russia and Austria were at war.

The Empire's Loyalty.

The magnificent loyalty of the whole Empire is the one bright spot in the dismal business. We may not be able to help much, but we are determined to help all we can. We realise, as never before, how dependent we are on the home land, and how absolutely necessary it is for her to control the sea. The presence of H.M.A.S. "Australia" in these waters gives us all a confidence we would not have felt had that magnificent battle-cruiser not been in the Pacific, yet we hand her over to the British Admiralty to use as it will!

Instead of the "Progress," we are publishing a "Catechism about the Crisis." It gives much information about the European situation, the strength of the Powers, etc., and should prove useful at this time. Unfortunately, it had to be completed before Great Britain declared war, which must be borne in mind when reading it. We add here a few notes on events which must be chronicled, although they vanish into insignificance before the European tragedy.

Home Rule.

The Amending Bill was returned from the Lords, who had added many amendments which it was quite impossible for the Liberals to accept. At this time of deadlock the King stepped in and summoned the leaders to a conference at Buckingham Palace. This action of his is unique in the annals of our history. The leaders responded at once, and for the first time Mr. Redmond and Mr. John Dillon met His Majesty. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd

George represented the Government, Mr. Law and Lord Lansdowne the Opposition, Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig the Ulstermen. The Speaker presided. They failed to reach agreement, however. The Ulstermen demand the exclusion of six of the ten counties of Ulster, although Home Rulers predominate in two if not three of them. The Liberals refused this, but offered to exclude four, and have a referendum in the others. This seems a very fair offer. Sir Edward would have none of it, and the conference broke up. Mr. Asquith prepared to go on with the Amending Bill, but if it could not be agreed to would go on with the Home Rule Bill as it was. Ulster and Nationalist volunteers were arming rapidly, and a nasty incident occurred at Dublin, where soldiers of the garrison shot down men and women in an effort to stop gun-running. Well might the Nationalists demand why the same methods were not applied to Ulster! Directly the European crisis arose the whole matter was postponed, and Ulstermen and Nationalists vied with each other in words and deeds of patriotism! The Home Rule Bill can, of course, become law at any time with the King's consent. Obviously the calamity of war saved the Government from a most awkward position, and after it is over there will be many adjustments besides Home Rule.

Huerta Resigns.

President Wilson achieved a triumph when General Huerta resigned from the Presidency of Mexico. His action showed that the astute Indian realised that the game was up. Had he re-

ceived recognition from the United States at first he would probably have reduced Mexico to order, his blood-thirsty methods being apparently what the country requires. As it was, with the Americans at Vera Cruz, the Constitutionalists were greatly heartened, and their final success became only a matter of time. Huerta has hastened it a little, that is all. Francisco Carbajal becomes provisional President, pending the elections. It remains to be seen whether a Carranza or a Villa will prove more acceptable to President Wilson than was Huerta. Neither would seem to be suited to govern the country. A protectorate by the U.S.A. seems the best solution.

The Federal Elections.

The war has knocked all vim out of the Federal campaign. No one wants to be bothered with local politics whilst the very existence of the wide-flung Empire is at stake. The papers hardly find room for any reports of meetings which are presumably taking place all around us. We know that Mr. Watt is speaking successfully up and down the country, but lesser lights are not even heard of. Ministers naturally hurried to Melbourne, and are likely to remain there, and take little further part in the active campaign. The only criticism we can make about them is that they were too long realising the fact that their true place was at the seat of Government, in a crisis like this, and stuck to electioneering too assiduously. The crisis will probably make the return of the Liberals certain. There is a strong feeling against changing horses in the middle of a stream, and although this particular horse had nothing whatever

to do with the crisis, it will get the advantage of this feeling. There is no doubt either that whilst many who are not working men believe in Labour legislation, and vote for the Labour candidates, they do not have so much confidence in the way in which a Labour Ministry, whose outlook is necessarily narrow, will handle international questions, as they do in Liberal Ministers, who admittedly have a broader outlook, and by their up-bringing a better grasp of international affairs. That feeling is bound to tell.

Tasmanian Leek-Eating.

It is rather surprising to find Tasmania's Parliament passing a resolution praying the Governor, Sir W. Ellison Macartney, not to sever his connection with Tasmania. The whole affair reminds one rather of schoolboy days, when having done something we felt was not quite straight we endeavoured to make amends later on. Sir William is not the sort of man who would deviate from the path he had set himself. He believed, clearly, that he had ample justification for imposing the now famous conditions on Mr. Earle; that the Colonial Secretary took a different view is not likely to shake his own convictions. He is hardly likely to have contemplated resignation, but it must give him a certain grim satisfaction to receive the said resolution from the very members who had only three months ago sent him one which was virtually a motion of censure! Evidently the new Government is learning to appreciate His Excellency.

A Great Socialist Murdered.

The dastardly assassination of M. Jaurés, the leader of the French Socialists, will be deplored the world over. He was shot dead in a café in Paris by a so-called Royalist, because of his attempts to keep Europe from plunging into war. His death removes one of the greatest forces for social betterment France has ever had. The time has not yet arrived when the workers of the world can forbid war, but after this struggle their united influence will be far more powerful. Industrial workers realise more and more that they cannot afford to allow nations to settle their differences by the sword. The present conflict will make them far more anxious than ever to stop the possibility of its recurrence. They have the power, later they will use it.

The British Association Visits.

The eagerly anticipated members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science arrive when the war has taken all heart out of the enthusiastic welcome which awaited them. We feel we cannot throw ourselves into social entertainments with any heartiness whilst the war cloud is bursting over us. But though their reception will not be so boisterous as it would have been under other circumstances, it will be no less warm and sincere for being repressed. The Association has done much for the world; it will carry out its work in Australia perhaps all the more earnestly because of the danger in which the families of all the visitors will be in at home

Henry Stead, Manning-road, East Malvern.

Catechism on the European Crisis.

After most of the magazine had gone to press news of the European crisis reached Australia. To assist our readers in understanding the causes which led up to it, and the complex and conflicting influences which control European politics, we have prepared the following information, throwing it, for the sake of reference, into the form of a catechism. Readers must bear in mind in perusing it that it was written on August 3rd, at a time when Great Britain had not made any definite pronouncement as to whether she would remain neutral or fight. The particulars about the German food supply should prove of particular interest, as so many wild statements are being made about the matter.

Q.—What is the crisis over?

A.—Nominally it arose over the demand by Austria that Serbia should punish her nationals concerned in the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in July, and agree to certain other things. These demands Serbia has refused.

Q.—Why do you say nominally?

A.—Because obviously these demands are only an excuse, a peg on which to hang a settled policy of aggression. Had there been nothing but the punishment of conspirators at stake Austria would never have started hostilities within a couple of days of making her demands.

Q.—Why then is Austria attacking Serbia?

A.—The answer is Salonika! Austria's policy for the last half-century—in fact, ever since the Dual Empire came into existence in 1867, has been to keep the Balkan nations weak. She has always had a hold on Serbia, and has never hesitated to use it. Her dominance was due to the fact that she offered the only market for Serbian products; everything had to be sold in Austria. Whenever Serbia got restive a prohibitive tariff against her stock and goods brought her to her knees. It was to escape from this industrial incubus that Serbia fought so hard for a port on the Adriatic. Austria succeeded in preventing this; but, when the second Balkan War gave Greece Salonika, she allowed her ally, Serbia, to use the port almost as if it were her own. This sounded the knell of Austrian industrial supremacy in King

Peter's kingdom, and meant that with the world's markets open to her Serbia would develop rapidly into a powerful State. Add to this the fact that Russia supports Serbia, and you need look no further for reason why Austria wants to crush Serbia before that State gets too strong.

Q.—Do you mean to say that Austria would risk a European war in order to keep Serbia under her thumb?

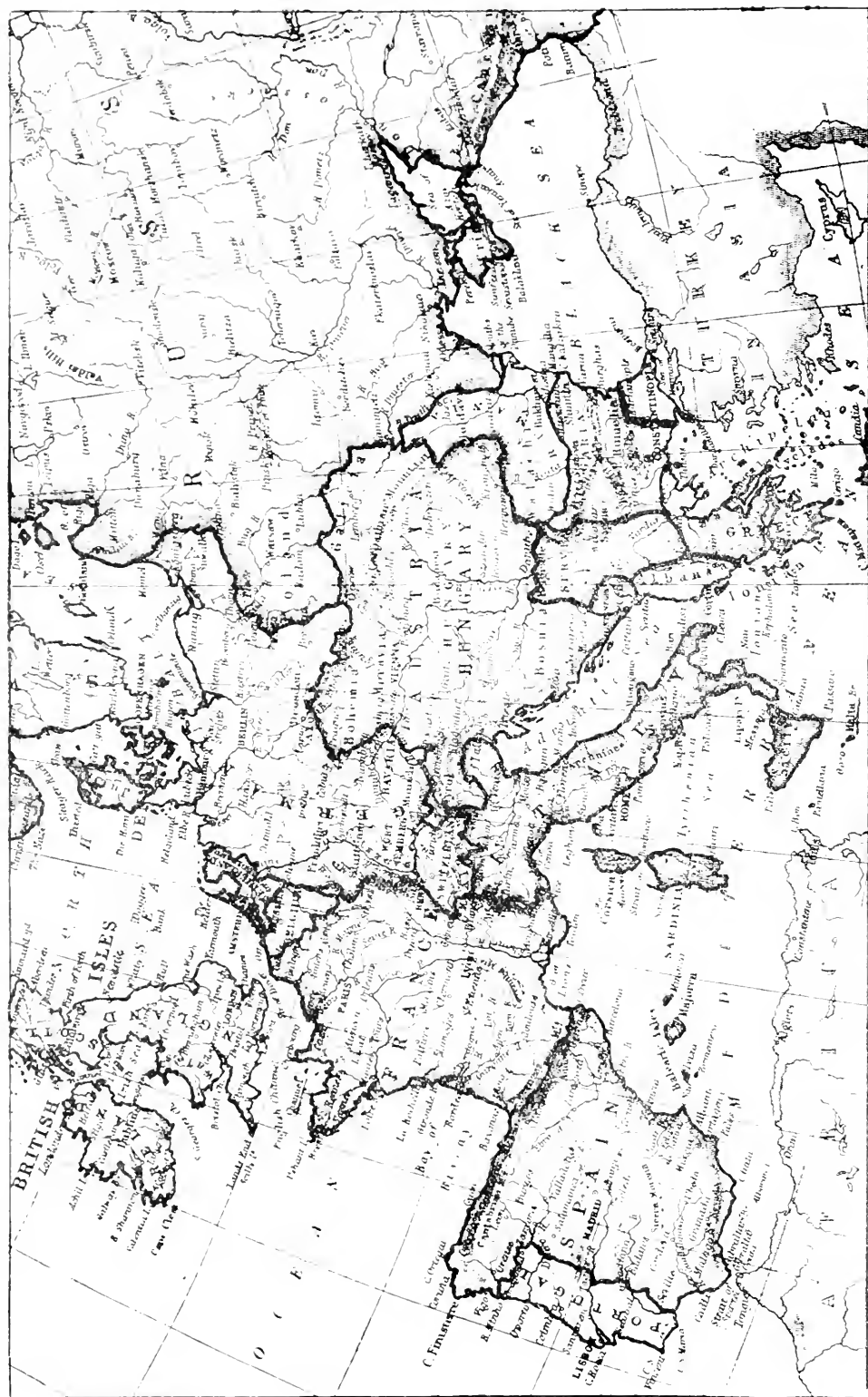
A.—She evidently would. At the same time her successful action when she annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 may have made her think that she could again act in defiance of European opinion.

Q.—But the situation is different now?

A. Very different indeed. At that time there had been no Balkan War, nor had the Turko-Italian War taken place. Russia, too, was just recovering from the Japanese struggle, and when Germany made it clear that although she had not been consulted, her treaty would compel her to support her ally, Russia did not back up her protests with her bayonets.

Q.—How has the Balkan War altered the situation?

A. It has demonstrated the efficiency of the Balkan armies, and has re-grouped the States there. Formerly each of the four States were in opposition, and they could be relied upon to check each other. Now Roumania, Serbia and Greece have an understanding, and lean to Russia, leaving Bulgaria only under Austrian influence.



This has altered the Balance of Power in Europe.

Q.—How was this met?

A.—Germany found it necessary to make immense efforts, and by her increased fighting power again adjust the balance. This concentration upon European affairs has resulted in the temporary abandonment of the policy of "Weltpolitik," which was so dear to the Kaiser. England has, perhaps, hardly realised that the increasing friendliness of Germany towards her is due to this withdrawal from a policy of world expansion. By the expenditure of huge sums of money Germany has produced the most formidable fighting machine in the world, and has made up to some extent for Italy's weakness and Austria's entanglements in the Balkans.

Q.—How has it proved impossible to localise the war to Austria and Serbia?

A.—Russia is responsible for the general war, although Austria is, of course, the real guilty party. Still, had Russia not decided to help Serbia the other nations would have held aloof. Once she drew her sword the other Powers were forced automatically into war.

Q.—But is not Germany the real cause of the trouble?

A.—That is generally assumed, but it is only assumption; the cables do not prove it. We know that the Kaiser used every possible effort to induce Austria to treat with Serbia by diplomatic methods, not by bayonets. Austria refused, and Russia thereupon mobilised. Germany then, according to her treaty obligations with Austria, was obliged to demand from Russia the cause of this mobilisation. Russia appears to have refused to give the information, but her acts showed she intended to attack Austria. Germany then demanded that mobilisation should cease. When this request was refused Germany, seeing that a European conflict was inevitable, at once declared war, in order to secure the tactical advantage her rapid mobilisation methods gave her over both Russia and France. The former especially

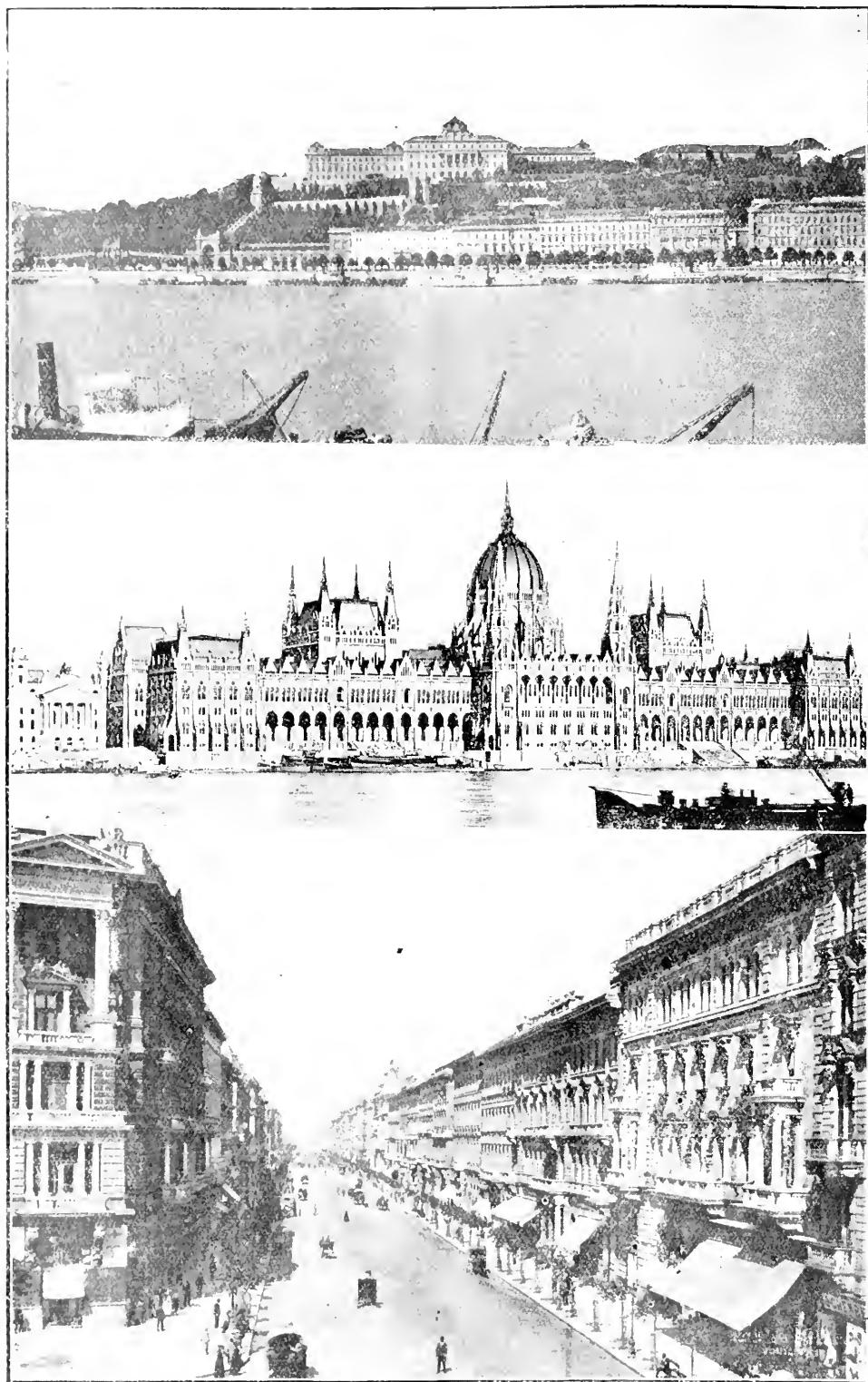
takes a long while to put her armies on a fighting basis.

Q.—But if Germany had refused to support Austria a general war would have been averted?

A. Yes, but Austria would have been crushed, and Germany alone would have had to face a triumphant Slav despotism, which would finally prevent her access to the Mediterranean. Then, too, her treaty obligations with Austria compelled her to act as she had done.

Q.—But should she not have repudiated those on the ground that Austria refused to accept her advice?

A. Put yourself in her place. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that Great Britain had an offensive and defensive alliance with France of the same intimate nature that Germany has with Austria, and suppose, further, that the little Netherland States, Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg, had been fighting, and Luxemburg had defeated Belgium and wrested territory from her. As Luxemburg is under German influence, whilst Belgium is under French, this war results in the definite lowering of French prestige. Luxemburg becomes arrogant, having secured for herself an outlet to the sea, and on some pretext France suddenly attacks her. The British Government strongly protests, but France goes ahead. Germany begins to mobilise, and England again urges France to desist, but France replies that her whole destiny depends upon keeping the Netherland powers weak, and calls upon Great Britain to carry out her solemn promises, and either induce Germany to stop her threatened attack or, in the event of failing in that, to go to war with Germany. What would you do? Would you repudiate your treaty obligations and allow France to be crushed by Germany, or would you help her, strongly though you disapproved of her action in Luxemburg? Would you not help France even if you knew that this would bring the whole might of another great power against you? The cases are not quite parallel, but Ger-



IN HUNGARY'S CAPITAL.

1. The Imperial castle, Buda Pesth, overlooking the Danube. (2) The magnificent Houses of Parliament on the river's bank. (3) One of Buda Pesth's splendid thoroughfares—Andrássy-street.

many would be even more compelled to help Austria than Great Britain would France in the suggested case we have outlined, for even if defeated by Germany, France would not break up, whereas Austria defeated by Russia would split into fragments and disappear as a great power altogether.

Q.—What is the Triple Alliance?

A.—Its actual terms are not known. It grew out of the treaty between Austria and Germany concluded by Bismarck in 1879, a defensive and offensive alliance directed against Russia. It followed the Treaty of Berlin, 1878, when, largely owing to Germany, the Treaty of San Stefano was torn up, and the Turks given back the territory wrested from them by Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria. Italy owed much to France in the early days of her unity, but as time went on bitterness was developed between the countries, owing to a series of pinpricks, which culminated when France calmly took Tunis, which Italy had always regarded as belonging by right to her. This drove Italy to ally herself with her old foe, Austria, and with Germany, and in 1882 the Triple Alliance was signed. It is understood to bind Germany and Austria definitely to help each other in all cases, but Italy will only be called on if her allies are attacked by both France and Russia, not if they are the aggressors.

Q.—Did the Alliance ever lapse?

A.—Very nearly, but it was renewed in 1887 on terms still more favourable to Italy, who had recently come to an understanding with England. The Alliance was again renewed in 1891, for a period of twelve years this time, and for the same period in 1902 and again in 1913. Italy meantime had come to an amicable understanding with France as well as England.

Q.—Where does Italy stand?

A.—She dreads Austrian aggression in the Adriatic, and there is a strong national sentiment in favour of making the Adriatic an Italian sea. It is openly stated that Italy's navy is being built for strife with Austria. In view

of this attitude of Italy towards her ally, it is certain that she will endeavour at all costs to remain aloof during the war.

Q.—What will that mean?

A.—It will chiefly benefit France. It is understood that the Triple Alliance provided for Italy in the event of war sending two armies to the north-west frontier to hold the French armée des Alpes in check. In addition she is to send an army to assist Germany in the north. Her fleet would, of course, be at the service of her allies. If, therefore, Italy declares her neutrality it will liberate a French army at least 250,000 strong.

Q.—What is the Triple Entente?

A.—That is a development of the Franco-Russian Entente (known as the Dual Alliance). This alliance was not made formal until 1894, but it is understood that about that time a military convention was drawn up which provided for definite concerted action in the event of war. Russia has always been the predominant partner in this alliance, and has time and again held France in check. The alliance gives France no option now but to help her ally.

Q.—When did England come in?

A.—In 1904 a general agreement was concluded by M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne, which gave England a free hand in Egypt, and France liberty of action in Morocco. What is known as the "Entente Cordiale" followed. England in 1908 came to a cordial understanding with Russia regarding Persia and Thibet, and, it is understood that at about that time relations between England, France and Russia became sufficiently intimate to term their general understanding the "Triple Entente."

Q. Is England bound to assist France or Russia in time of war?

A.—She has no treaty obligations which would compel her to do so. There may be a moral obligation which would, of course, cease to be quite so binding if Russia, for instance, were the aggressor.

Q.—Then England can hold aloof if she likes?

A.—She can, but she may consider it absolutely necessary to help the parties to the Dual Alliance in order that the "Balance of Power" in Europe should not become too much altered. If she does join forces with France and Russia, Italy would probably also join in with her allies.

Q.—How is England responsible for Belgium?

A.—When the final settlement between Holland and Belgium was arrived at in the Treaty of London in 1839, Great Britain, Prussia and Austria guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium. During the Franco-German War of 1870-71 Great Britain insisted on the maintenance of this neutrality in accordance with the Treaty of 1839, and the two belligerents accordingly recognised it. Great Britain regards herself as still bound by that Treaty.

Q.—Is the neutrality of Belgium likely to be violated?

A.—Yes. From time immemorial it has been the natural meeting ground of hostile armies, a veritable cockpit of Western Europe. As, however, the Belgium army, although supposed to be weak, numbers 340,000 men (on a war footing), the danger of its being used against the violation of her territory would be a strong deterrent. Belgium territory is pretty safe if England is not drawn into the war. If she is Belgium will have to rely upon herself alone.

Q.—And Switzerland?

A.—She is safe enough because no one dare risk invading seriously so mountainous a land, guarded as it is by hardy mountaineers. The Swiss do, however, run some danger of being starved. They now rely largely upon imported foodstuffs, and if Italy joins in the war they would be entirely cut off from the outside world, and their usual source of supplies.

Q.—And Holland?

A.—Must rely upon herself, but would not be endangered by the belligerents wishing to fight in her territory, as she is too far away from the

scene of hostilities. Her danger would come later should a triumphant power desire to have a port on the North Sea.

Q.—Would the U.S.A. intervene?

A.—Americans may rejoice that they are removed across the Atlantic, and need take no hand in the war. It is possible that if England were "in extremis" they might come to her assistance; but the great function of the United States must be clearly that of arbitrator when the time for settlement arrives.

Q.—Will Turkey be involved?

A.—Turkey will, as usual, wait on events. If, however, Russia is successful in the war, she will hardly again let Constantinople slip through her fingers, and there would be no one to say her nay should she seize a port on the Ægean.

Q.—What about the Balkan States?

A.—Greece and Roumania will back Serbia and Russia respectively, and Bulgaria will probably remain neutral, unless Austria triumphs, in which event she would probably wish to share the spoils. Of all the States Roumania is easily the most formidable, and the fact that over 3,000,000 of her nationals are settled in South-east Hungary, adjacent to her borders, is one of the many elements of weakness of Austria.

Q.—Austria is not united?

A.—Far from it. She is held together largely by the personality of the old Emperor. She is divided into two kingdoms, Austria proper and Hungary. To the former belong Bohemia, Galicia, the Tyrol, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and other provinces. The dominant race in Hungary are the Magyars—a non-Aryan people—which long ago thrust themselves like a wedge between the Northern and Southern Slavs. They number 9,000,000 in a total population of 21,000,000.

Q.—They are not of Slavonic origin?

A.—No, though it is difficult to accurately define what a Slav really is. Anyhow, the Magyars are not Slavs. They came originally from the Ural district, where there is still a similar

race, but are entirely lacking in the forceful qualities of the Hungarians. They are Roman Catholics, and speak a language of their own. At one time their kingdom stretched to the shores of the Adriatic.

Q.—And the other races in Hungary?

A.—There are 9,000,000 Magyars, as already stated, 3,000,000 Roumanians, 2,000,000 Germans, 2,000,000 Slovaks, 2,000,000 Croatians and Ruthenians, and 1,000,000 Servians (that is, 5,000,000 Slavs). A population which may well cause grave misgivings to the leaders in Vienna.

Q.—And in Austria itself?

A.—Galicia is peopled by Poles, who are allowed far greater freedom of thought, action and language than their fellows in Russia. There are some 5,000,000 of them, and about 4,500,000 Ruthenians. The former are Roman Catholics, the latter belong to the Greek Church. Bohemia has a population of some 7,000,000, of which 5,000,000 are Czechs or Bohemians, and 2,000,000 Germans. The Czechs are so intensely national that they have opposed the German section of the Empire more and more.

Q.—And Bosnia-Herzegovina?

A.—These provinces, annexed in 1908, are inhabited by about 2,000,000 Croato-Servians, although there are a great number of Spanish Jews there also.

Q.—So that altogether the Dual Empire is composed of many mixed races?

A.—Yes. The figures are, roughly:—Germans, 11,000,000; Bohemians, Slovaks and Moravians, 8,000,000; Poles, 5,000,000; Ruthenians, 5,000,000; Slovenes, 1,200,000; Magyars, 9,000,000; Roumanians, 3,000,000; Servians and Croatians, 4,000,000. About 65 per cent. are Roman Catholics, 10 per cent. Greek Church, 10 per cent. Protestant, 4 per cent. Jews.

Q.—How do the populations of the Great Powers compare?

A.—Russia, 140,000,000; Germany, 65,000,000; France, 40,000,000; Austria, 51,000,000; United Kingdom, 45,000,000; Italy, 35,000,000.

Q.—Are there many Germans resident in Australia?

A.—In 1913 there were 34,215 who had been born in Germany; of these just over 70 per cent. have become naturalised Australians. There were 65,000 Germans resident in Great Britain in 1913.

Q.—Are there many Germans living outside Germany besides these?

A.—There are 13,000,000 in U.S.A., 600,000 in South Africa, and some 2,500,000 in European countries. The majority of these are naturalised citizens of America and South Africa, but the residents in France, Russia, etc., retain their nationality.

Q.—But are there not many German-speaking people in addition in Europe?

A.—German is the native language of 5,400,000 Dutchmen, 4,000,000 Belgians, 2,300,000 Swiss, and 200,000 residents in Luxembourg.

Q.—Will Germany starve?

A.—No. It is true that she imports many foodstuffs, but she is almost self-supporting so far as the absolute necessities of life are concerned. Austria is still more so. The crops will all have been reaped, although the corn will not have been threshed yet, and both the States have stock in the shape of cattle and pigs to fall back on.

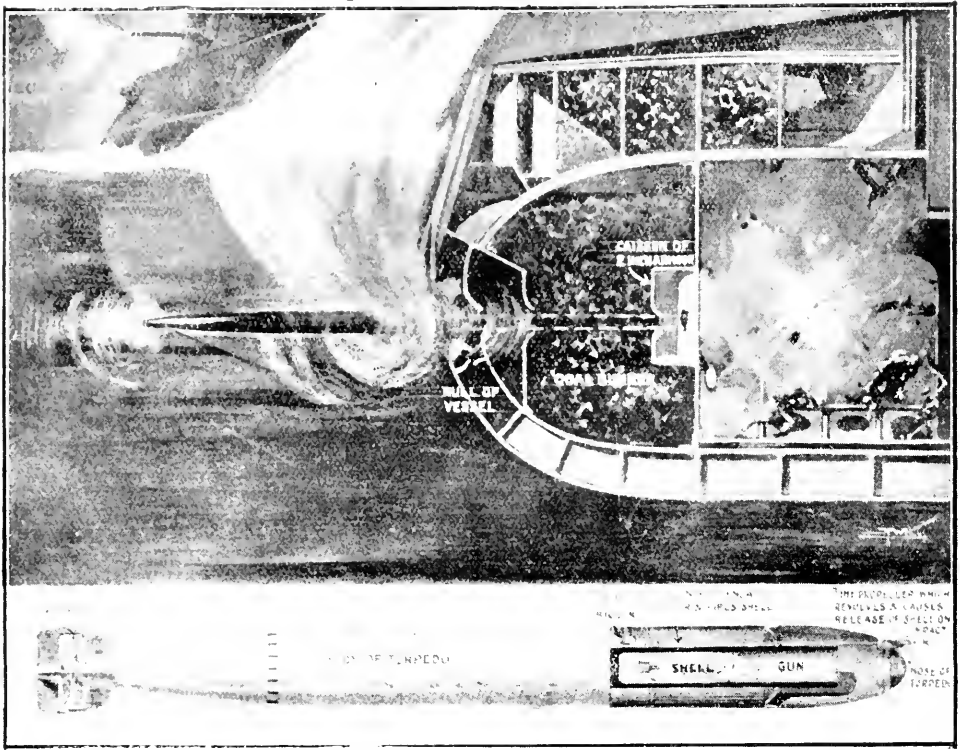
Q.—What foodstuffs does Germany import?

A.—Grain, coffee, butter, and fish are the principal things.

Q.—What is the total value of Germany imports?

A.—In 1912 it was £534,570,000, according to the latest German year-book. The exports were £447,800,000. Not much of this is food. Her best customer is Great Britain, to whom she sent £58,000,000 worth of goods in 1912, purchasing £42,000,000 worth from her in exchange. Her trade with the other nations stood as follows:—

	Imports from.	Exports to.
Austria	£41,450,000	£51,950,000
France	27,000,000	34,450,000
Russia	79,350,000	33,050,000
U.S.A.	79,300,000	34,850,000
Argentina	22,200,000	11,950,000
Brazil	15,950,000	9,000,000
Chili	10,450,000	5,650,000
India	29,950,000	5,300,000
Australia	13,800,000	4,350,000
New Zealand	445,000	440,000



(Illustrated *London* News.)
A TORPEDO WHICH FIRES A SHELL INTO A BATTLESHIP'S VITALS.



THE HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE

(Topic)

Group taken at the wedding of the Arch-Duke Karl Franz (now heir to the throne) to Princess Zita. In the centre is the old Emperor; on the left is the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

Q.—What amount of grain does she import?

A.—She got 7,814,000 tons of grain of various kinds, and exported 1,936,000 tons in 1912. On balance therefore she would seem to have to make up a deficiency in production of 6,000,000 tons. It is actually less than this, as she uses nearly a million tons of this for making flour, which she exports. (The German ton is 35 lb. less than ours.)

Q.—Where does she get it from?

A.—Principally from Russia, 3,753,000 tons; Argentine, 1,211,000 tons; U.S.A., 672,000 tons; India, 656,000 tons; and Roumania, 605,000 tons. The detailed particulars are interesting:—

	Wheat.	Barley.	Rye.	Oats	Maize.	Rice.	Peas.	Potatoes.
Total imports in thousands of tons	2485	2934	332	665	1226	213	371	822
Russia	558	2144	268	379	240	—	137	221
Roumania	272	277	28	—	200	—	—	—
India	60	114	—	—	—	90	200	—
Argentine	540	—	—	165	500	—	—	—
U.S.A.	446	—	—	76	124	26	—	—
Holland	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	352

Australia supplies her with 59,000 tons of wheat, whilst 200,000 tons of barley come from Austria. She draws 197,000 tons of apples from France and Switzerland, 130,000 tons of coffee from Brazil, and 18,000 tons of butter from Holland, and 25,000 tons from Russia; 61,000 tons of eggs come from Russia, and 72,000 from Austria. She imports an immense number of geese from Russia. No less than 40,000 tons of fresh fish were sent from Great Britain to Germany in 1912, and in the same year 633,000 tons of salted fish were imported from England. Holland supplied 400,000 tons, and Scandinavia 230,000 tons.

Q.—What was Germany's total production of grain?

A. In 1912 it was:—Wheat 4,360,624 tons, barley 3,880,000, rye 11,508,289, oats 8,520,183, whilst she produced 50,000,000 tons of potatoes. This shows that she raised in all some 28,000,000 tons of grain, and imported 5,000,000 tons for local use.

Q.—What is the value of the German import of grain?

A.—£50,000,000, if we deduct re-exports. The value of the fish import is £4,000,000, of eggs £9,000,000, of butter £6,000,000, of geese £7,000,000.

Q.—The fisher folk of England are likely to suffer?

A.—Yes. Not only will the large German demand be cut clean off, but they will not be able to use their usual fishing ground at all. On the other hand, the demand for fish in England is certain to greatly increase as the price of meat goes up.

Q.—These figures go to show that Germany is in no danger at all of running short

of grain even if she is entirely blockaded?

A. None whatever. Take it that she consumes 33,000,000 tons annually, that would work out at 2,750,000 per month. As the local crop has just been garnered in, there will be at least 28,000,000 tons stored in ricks and barns, enough to last her for ten months.

Q.—So that the assumption that Germany might in the end be starved into submission is erroneous?

A.—Obviously. The only country in the world which could be quickly starved by the cutting off of supplies is Great Britain. Hence, her imperative need for a predominant fleet to guard her supply ships. The money spent on the navy is practically a premium for an insurance policy, which covers her immense overseas trade.

Q.—Is Germany dependant on imported coal?

A. She actually exports large quantities of coal. It is true that she has nothing the equal of the best Welsh steam coal used in the navy, but her

coal is quite good enough for all industrial purposes.

Q.—Is France or Germany the better customer of England?

A.—With the exception of India and U.S.A., Germany is Britain's best customer. France is the next best, but follows a long way behind the first three. In fact, Britain's export trade to Australia just equalled that to France in 1912. Next in order comes Canada, Belgium, South Africa, Russia, Argentine, Holland, Italy, Brazil, Japan and New Zealand. Not only is Britain's trade larger with Germany than with France, but whilst the latter raises a high tariff wall against goods entering her colonies, Germany allows them to go into hers free. This has meant that although Britain was largely responsible in giving Morocco to France instead of allowing Germany to have control there, her trade with that country has suffered.

Q.—What does Australia send Germany?

A.—£7,440,000 worth of goods, chiefly wool.

Q.—What does she send the other Powers?

A.—France £8,022,000 (wool and hides), Austria and Russia nothing, Belgium £6,584,500 (metals, wheat and hides), Italy £623,000.

Q. What does Germany send Australia?

A.—£7,150,000, consisting of wearing apparel and all manner of merchandise.

Q.—What does Australia get from the other Powers?

A.—Very little. France £2,293,000 (textiles and motor cars), Austria £382,000 (textiles), Belgium £1,193,000 (chiefly hardware), Italy £439,000.

Q.—If Great Britain throw in her lot with France, in what way can she harm Germany?

A. She can capture all the German merchant ships which have not fled to neutral ports. She can prevent any supplies reaching Germany by sea. She could account for any warships which venture out of harbour, or try to leave the Baltic. She could also at her leisure annex the German colonies.

Q.—Could the British fleet not destroy the German vessels in the Baltic?

A. No. Our Dreadnoughts could not enter that sea.

Q.—Because of the mine fields?

A.—No. Because the Baltic is too shallow in many places to float our greatest ships. That is why the German Dreadnoughts are all of lighter draught than ours. Of course, the submarines might attack and destroy the battleships, but that is not very likely. If England comes in it would virtually limit the war to a land campaign.

Q.—Will the Russian Fleet in the Baltic be in danger?

A. Certainly, if it leaves port or the Gulf of Finland. It could be no match for the Germans either in ships or personnel. Nor could England help the Russians much, for, as already mentioned, her Dreadnoughts could not manoeuvre in the Baltic.

Q.—What could England do on land?

A.—Not much. For many reasons her benevolent neutrality might suit France better than her participation in the conflict. So long as she keeps out Italy may be expected to do so, and that means that France would have at least 250,000 of her own soldiers liberated from the Italian frontier to use against Germany. These being part of a homogeneous whole would be of far more use to France than an English expeditionary force 120,000 strong, trained on different lines, and not under the direct control of the French General Staff, could possibly be.

Q.—The cables say that Germany has already invaded Belgium?

A. That is rather improbable. If England joins in the war Belgian neutrality is pretty certain to be violated, but until she actually does so, it is likely to be respected. If Germany does invade her, it will amount to the same thing as a declaration of war to England, who is certain to use force to compel observation of the treaty.

Q.—But Luxemburg has been entered?

A.—That is quite likely. The duchy is entirely unprotected, has an army of 150 men. In any case, strategically, it makes little difference, as the Franco-Luxemburg frontier is very short, and is guarded on the French side just as much as is the German border. Poor little Luxemburg figured quite largely at the last Hague Conference. According to the rules of land warfare, up to that time, a neutral power which had, at the outbreak of war, rolling stock of either of the belligerents on its railways, must render it up to its owner on demand. She cannot, however, get back her own waggons, trucks, etc., in the belligerent's country, until after the war. Consequently, in the Franco-German war of 1870-71 Luxemburg lost all her rolling stock which was out of her territory, but had to hand over all the French and German carriages which happened to be in her territory. As a result her railways had to close down altogether till peace was restored.

Q.—Were the rules of war amended?

A.—Yes, to meet such a case. Count Eyschen, the Luxemburg representative, worked hard for it, and gave a very clever illustration, which brought home the situation to the Conference. It happened to be raining hard, and the Count got up and said, "My colleague from France has taken away my umbrella and left his, but, according to the rules of war I may not use it, but must walk home in the rain! Do you think that fair?"

Q.—How does the alteration affect Luxemburg to-day?

A.—Count Eyschen is dead, but he would no doubt regret his success now, because there is evidently much German rolling stock in Luxemburg, and the only way the Germans can get hold of it now is to invade Luxemburg and take it.

Q.—Are the cables likely to be reliable?

A.—No. It is safe to say that nothing should be believed implicitly.

Some people still regard anything that appears in a newspaper as gospel. They will hardly do so after the war is over. Cables from interested sources reflect the sender's wishes rather than the facts. Cables at the outbreak of hostilities are always inaccurate. When General Yule retreated from Dundee, we were reading accounts of a glorious initial victory, in which thousands of Boers had been slain. When the Russians were hurled from the Yalu by the Japs, we read of a brilliant victory, and the number of Japanese dead was even given. Whilst the Bulgarians were storming irresistibly through Kirk Killisse we read of the successful efforts of the Turks in repulsing the invaders. Early cables gave us definite news of the capture of Belgrade and the crushing defeat of the Servians. Neither of which things now appear to have happened.

Q. What will be the result of the war?

A. No one can say. If Germany and Austria are defeated, the Austrian Empire will probably vanish off the map. Her German provinces would be swept into the German Empire. Hungary would become a separate kingdom. Galicia would be annexed by Russia. Bohemia would probably become a republic. Russia would be pretty sure to seize a port on the Ægean, and Roumania would secure a large accession of territory.

Q.—But if it goes the other way?

A. Russian influence would be overthrown in the Balkans, the Austrian Empire would be united, and France would have to pay a large indemnity. It is unlikely that she would lose any territory, but the independence of Holland and Belgium might disappear. Russia would certainly lose some of the German provinces she has been Russifying for so many years. Germany would no doubt annex the Finnish Islands in the Baltic, and Finland might become independent. But all forecasts as to what might happen are pure speculation.

Q.—What Military Forces have the Great Powers?

A.—Owing to the recent increases in all the States that is almost impossible to say. In 1913 the peace and war strengths were as follows:—

Country	Peace Strength.	War Strength.	Complete Mobilisation.
Austria ...	435,000	1,820,000	3,500,000
France ...	700,000	1,400,000	4,500,000
Germany ...	840,000	1,500,000	4,350,000
Italy ...	250,000	800,000	3,220,000
Russia ...	1,000,000	2,855,000	5,400,000

Compared to these gigantic conscript armies, the professional army of Britain, 162,000 strong, is quite insignificant. On the sea, however, Great Britain enjoys an immense supremacy.

Q.—What is the naval strength of the Great Powers?

A.—Several battleships are building in England to the order of foreign powers. They will certainly be taken and added to the navy, so that it is still stronger than the following figures indicate:—

	Gt. Britain.
Dreadnoughts ...	22
Battle Cruisers ...	9
Pre-Dreadnoughts ...	40
Cruisers ...	51
Light Cruisers ...	81
Destroyers ...	220
Torpedo Boats ...	100
Submarines ...	72

Among the French pre-Dreadnoughts are reckoned the six Dantons, which are almost the equal of the Dreadnought proper she has in commission. Russia has four Dreadnoughts due to be ready this autumn; they may be already in commission, but it is not likely. Three Italian Dreadnoughts were to be ready this year; one or more of them is probably in commission now. The numbers of submarines are probably greater than shown, as considerable secrecy is observed about them.

Q. What are the Military Forces of the Smaller Powers?

A. Switzerland has no permanent army to speak of. Her citizen soldiers number about 200,000. The particulars given of the strengths of the military forces vary considerably, but the following is approximately correct:—

	Peace Establish-ment.	War Strength.
Belgium ...	57,000	340,000
Holland ...	22,000	200,000
Denmark ...	14,000	83,000
Sweden ...	84,000	200,000
Norway ...	18,000	70,000

Q.—What naval strength have the little Powers?

A.—Belgium and Switzerland have none. Holland proposed recently to build nine Dreadnoughts, but she has only nine coast defence battleships at present, some cruisers, and 40 torpedo boats, also six submarines (mostly old). Norway likewise is arranging to build eight great battleships, but at present relies upon a few gunboats and 37 torpedo boats. Sweden has a dozen

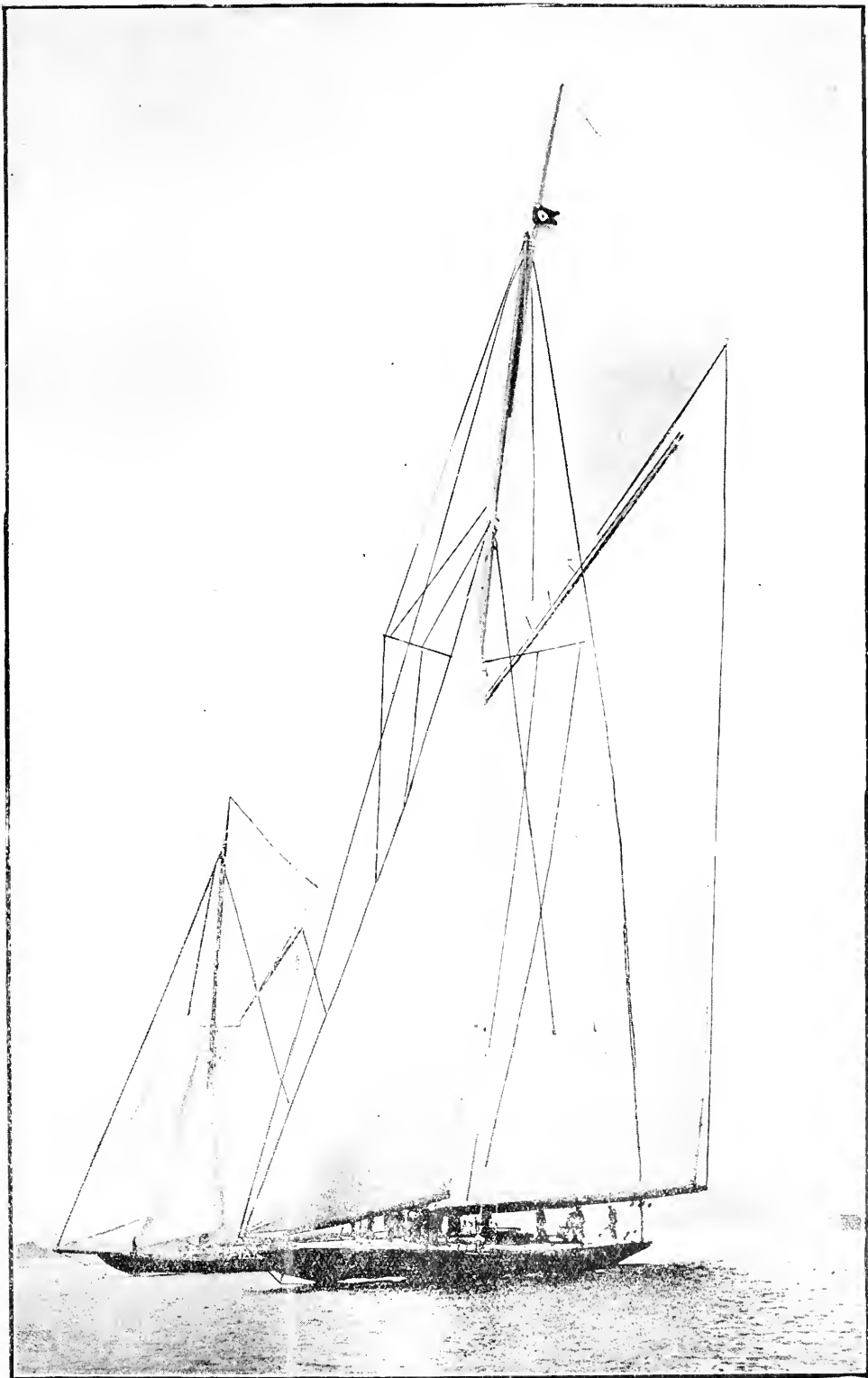
Germany.	France.	Russia.	Austria.	Italy.
Dreadnoughts ...	16	1	—	1
Battle Cruisers ...	5	—	—	—
Pre-Dreadnoughts ...	20	0	11	11
Cruisers ...	4	6	3	10
Light Cruisers ...	45	8	5	12
Destroyers ...	140	73	11	28
Torpedo Boats ...	80	166	26	77
Submarines ...	24	73	20	14

coast defence vessels, and 53 torpedo destroyers, also three submarines.

Q.—And in the air?

A.—No authentic details are available as to the number of aircraft owned by the Powers. Germany have a great superiority in big airships and aeroplanes. She has several Zeppelins, the most successful type of airship, which have a range of considerably over 1000 miles. France comes next, then Italy. England is hopelessly behind, except in seaplanes, where she leads.

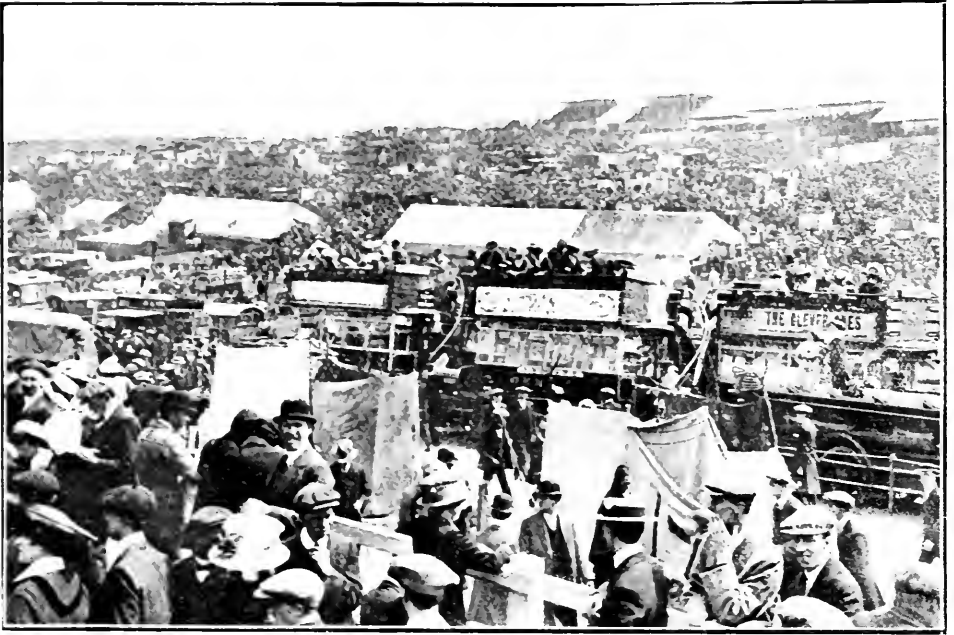
Mr. Stead has written a pamphlet amplifying the Catechism, and giving much additional information. It will be sent to all "Review of Reviews" readers for 3d., post free. Apply Manager, "Review," T. and G. Building, Swanston-street, Melbourne. It will be found of great use at the present time.



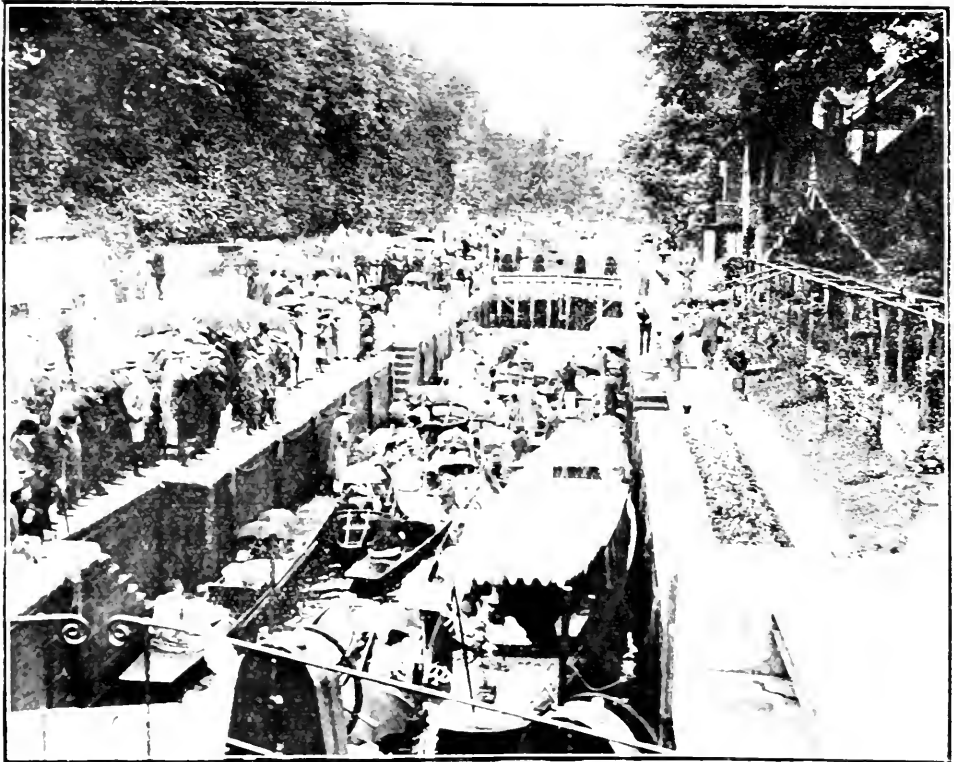
THE AMERICAN CUP.

Topic

The English challenger, the *Shamrock IV.*, drawing away from the *Shamrock III.*, on the Solent. The American defender is to be selected from three specially built yachts which are now undergoing their trials.



A TYPICAL DELIVERY DAY					
Area	Time	Delivery Day	Days per Week	Days per Month	% to the Total
1	8:00 AM - 9:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
2	9:00 AM - 10:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
3	10:00 AM - 11:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
4	11:00 AM - 12:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
5	12:00 PM - 1:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
6	1:00 PM - 2:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
7	2:00 PM - 3:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
8	3:00 PM - 4:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
9	4:00 PM - 5:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
10	5:00 PM - 6:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
11	6:00 PM - 7:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
12	7:00 PM - 8:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
13	8:00 PM - 9:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
14	9:00 PM - 10:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
15	10:00 PM - 11:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
16	11:00 PM - 12:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
17	12:00 AM - 1:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
18	1:00 AM - 2:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
19	2:00 AM - 3:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
20	3:00 AM - 4:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
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22	5:00 AM - 6:00 AM		7	21	10.0%
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60	7:00 PM - 8:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
61	8:00 PM - 9:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
62	9:00 PM - 10:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
63	10:00 PM - 11:00 PM		7	21	10.0%
64</					



REUTERS LOCK ON ASOL SUNDAY
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The Dominion House in London.

BY JAMES W. BARRETT, C.M.G., M.B.

The proposal of Earl Grey to create a large establishment in London on the Aldwych site to house the representatives of the Dominions, has been placed before the inhabitants of the Motherland and the Dominions, but requires further detailed reference so that it may be thoroughly understood.

The objects as set out by Earl Grey are:—

1. The Governments of the self-governing Dominions and of their various States and Provinces to concentrate on one central site their offices now widely distributed in different parts of London.

2. The attention of the home consumer to be effectively and impressively focused on the products of the Dominions overseas.

3. The manufacturers of the United Kingdom to ascertain and meet the requirements of Greater Britain.

The area available on the Aldwych site is roughly two and a-half acres. It is owned by the London County Council, which is willing to part with the land for the purpose in question. They will grant a 99 years' lease at a rental graduated up till the fifth year, when it will reach the permanent rate of £50,000. The acquisition of the freehold is available as an alternative. The option has been secured from the London County Council for three years by Lord Grey for £3000 a year, but the option is terminable at the end of only one year, prompt action is necessary. If the freehold is purchased the Council has agreed to accept the sum of £1,300,000, or 26 years' purchase on the ultimate rental, in the same way as the price was fixed for the adjoining land sold to the Commonwealth of Australia, on which the Commonwealth Building is being erected.

If the option for a lease, as opposed to freehold, is exercised, it is stipulated that the building shall cost not less than £500,000. If, however, the freehold is purchased, then no condition is imposed respecting the cost of building. An estimate of building in a style suitable for its purpose is placed at £1,255,000, and it is estimated that the rental, when

fully let, will be £124,000 a year, sufficient to pay interest at the rate of 4 per cent. on the site, and 5 per cent. on the cost of construction.

The site is sufficiently large to provide for the accommodation of the Government offices of the Dominions of Canada, Newfoundland, and New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, as well as their subordinate provinces and states; whilst in the large central exhibition hall the products and resources of the various Dominions could be suitably displayed.

The form of agreement for sale contains provision for the grant of the right to construct and maintain on certain conditions tunnels and subways joining the proposed Dominion House with the Commonwealth building now in course of construction.

If the whole sum of £124,000 per annum was paid by the Dominions, it would amount to 2d. per head of the population of 15 millions of white people resident in the Dominions. This sum then expresses the total risk in the event of complete disaster. It is clear that whatever rental is received must be subtracted from the £124,000, and that any difference represents the total net loss which could accrue. On the other hand the rental might exceed the £124,000, in which case a sinking fund could be established. As the Dominions must use some buildings in London, it is clear that if they abandoned their present buildings the proposal might be economical. On the basis of population the Australian contribution could not exceed £40,000 a year, even if there was a total loss—an impossible result.

Mr. Massey, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, is reported to have said that New Zealand would continue the erection of her own building in the Strand, but that if the proposal were agreed to she would sell the building and fall into line with the other Dominions.

Such then, is the practical proposal. What are the advantages? Earl Grey

has laid great stress on the sentimental advantage of the presence in this particular portion of London of an imposing building, which by day and night would impress the Londoner as a symbol of the immense size and strength of the Dominions. Sentiment counts for much more than is generally imagined. It counts, for example, for the existence of the British Empire. Earl Grey has, however, expressed himself so fully on this subject that it is unnecessary at this juncture to say more. But the commercial side of the matter appeals to thoughtful people with great force. It is becoming increasingly obvious that Imperial trade is a family affair. The amount of trade done by each unit in the Dominions with the mother country exceeds by many multiples the amount of trade done by any other set of units on the globe, and the tendency is to increase. The result of the ties of language, of history, and of feeling, is that the intra-Imperial trade is a growing quantity, and that the British carrying trade is still the most precious asset in the Empire. But intra-Imperial trade, backed by ties of sentiment and convenience, can be immensely developed by comprehensive organisation. Everyone knows the difficulty of making the British manufacturer understand what it is that is wanted in the Dominions, and everyone in Australia knows the extent to which Australian trade has been damaged by want of knowledge of British requirements in the methods of placing and handling our own products. Is it not clear that if there were one central agency, one great clearing house of ideas, that the advantages gained would be enormous? It may be replied that this object can already be attained at the offices of the Agents-General, and at the various Dominion Houses, but it is one matter to deal with a problem in various places in London, and quite another to deal with the relationship between the Dominions as a whole and the mother country.

A conference of delegates representing co-operative dairy produce companies in Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales, was held recently. The companies represented had an annual turnover of three and three quar-

ter millions. Several hours were devoted to the consideration of the establishment of an "Australian Floor" in London. Such proposals could be readily carried into effect were the Dominion House in existence.

There is yet another side to the matter from the Australian point of view. Australia has no business representatives in Canada, in South Africa, or in India; and opportunities of extensive trade are missed because of the lack of relationship between the several portions of the Empire. Furthermore, precise information relating to the cost of shipping goods, to their mode of transit, and to a hundred and one indirect commercial problems that arise in connection with Imperial trade is difficult to obtain in existing conditions. The proposed Dominion House offers the possibility of a scientific solution of these difficulties, and of the more complete utilisation of those research commercial agencies carried on already in part in the Imperial Institute.

Other uses to which such a House might be put are public cinematograph performances, advertising the beauties and industries of the various Dominions, the provision of lecture halls, where meetings could be held, and a large dining room where meals could be obtained.

It is clear that the proposal cannot eventuate by long range firing, and that the proper body to consider it is the Imperial Conference of 1915. Is it too much to ask that all Imperialists exert themselves in order that a respectful request may be presented to the Commonwealth Government that the proposal be remitted to that conference. It would then receive proper and comprehensive consideration from the assembled representatives of the Dominions.

May I ask those who possess sympathetic imagination to think over the foregoing statement. Imperial consolidation is no longer a dream, or merely a subject of after-dinner oratory. Its judicious development is essential to our national existence. Every practical step which can be taken increases the possibility of the continued and peaceful development of civilisation.

VICTORIANO HUERTA : THE MAN, THE SOLDIER.

By N. C. ADOSSIDES.

Having received my credentials from President Francisco Madero, I was on my way to the front. This was in April, 1912. On the road to Torreon there were constant rumours that the rebels had dealt a terrific blow to the Federals, that two battles had been lost at Santa Rosalia and Parral. I arrived in time for another more terrific downfall, the debacle of Escalon. General Gonzales Salas, commander-in-chief of the Madero forces in the North, had abandoned the battlefield, and taking with him a number of officers, had hidden himself in his private car, leaving his army to extricate itself from the trap into which his unpardonable blunders had led it. In the meantime Salas was fleeing to Torreon behind the only available locomotive, but he did not live to put foot in that city. Preferring suicide to the inevitable court-martial, this ultra-terrified deserter blew out his brains.

When the meaning of the commander's absence became evident, General Joaquin Tellez took command of the army and succeeded in making an honourable retreat. The fields were strewn with the dead, the wounded writhed or fainted on the vast stretches of the Durango desert, while the remnant of the baffled forces flew before the enemy, panic-stricken and exhausted.

At dusk I overtook them at Bermejillo, along the railroad line, facing an

endless chain of mountains which loomed like gigantic monuments brooding over the slaughtered.

It was a hideous night. Extremes of demoralisation, sorrow, and fear were all around us. We were out in the deadly, waterless desert; three thousand men, most of them with their horror-stricken wives and children. From all sides came the groans of the injured, the hungry, the wails of those who had

been bereft of husband, brother, or friend. The stoutest-hearted of the women, the amazing soldaderas who compose the commissary department of the Federal Army, ministered to the wounded; little children ran back and forth among the bivouackers carrying the precious morsel of food and water.

The doleful sound of the sentinel's "Alerta!" periodically repeated along the watchful line gave

the impression that a night attack might be in store for this helpless caravan. There was a winking red eye in the mountainous distance, probably a rebel's signal torch.

Half a dozen of tortillas and a box of sardines were being divided between the artillery officers and myself. A sergeant was making a fire with desert underbrush. We gathered about it, a grave-faced company.

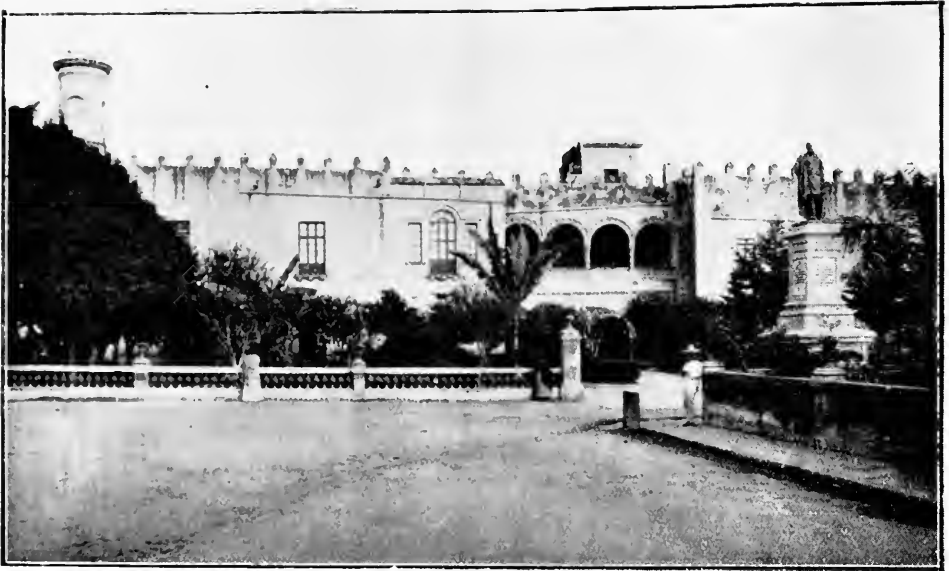
COMMANDER OF MADERO'S ARMY.

"General Victoriano Huerta has been appointed commander-in-chief of the



MEXICAN "CONSTITUTIONALISTS."

A sketch made by Lieut. Hicks, for the *Illustrated London News*, showing men of the rebel army lazing away their time by the roadside.



ONE OF THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCES OF THE PRESIDENT.
The Palace built by the Conquistador, Hernando Cortez, at Cuernavaca.

Northern Army and in a few days will be here with strong reinforcements," Captain Barrios informed us.

The news stirred the depressed group. They seemed to gather vim, and began to discuss the new leader with enthusiasm.

Captain Fernandez, who had had a hand-to-hand experience with the rebels and bore a ghastly cut on his forehead, waved his bandage and cried, "Thank God! Now we shall show the devils." (The Orozchistas.)

I asked if General Huerta was a really able military man. A serious-minded, highly educated officer answered me.

"Do you know," he said, "the French proverb, '*Dans le Royaume des aveugles le borgne est le roi*'? (In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king.) Well," he continued, "we have no strategists nor any great military genius in Mexico. Victoriano Huerta is, however, the best officer in our army. He is a man of great tenacity and he possesses the qualifications necessary to a successful leader."

"He is a man-eater, but he is what we want," supplemented Captain Barrios.

A few days later this much-talked-of general arrived in Torreon. Tremendous crowds had gathered to greet the train that brought the new commander-in-chief and the vanguard of his reinforcements. Elated officers and troopers pawed one another to catch a glimpse of the short, white figure as it descended from the car. They cheered uproariously at the sight of the grim, immobile face under the broad brim of a Panama hat, and followed him across the street to the Hotel Francia, continuing their bedlam of rejoicing.

In my capacity of war correspondent I had unique opportunities of meeting General Huerta. His quarters at the hotel were two doors away from my room and our dinner was often a mutual affair.

It did not take long to discover his now celebrated love for alcoholic refreshment; one became accustomed to see him borne away to his apartments by his intimates among the staff officers. At other times he was fit enough to carry on a forceful and extremely intelligent conversation with those about him, to be excessively suave and affable after the caressing Mexican fashion. I saw him in the affectionate embrace of

Pancho Villa, patting that national tiger on the back and praising him for his fidelity and serviceableness to the Madero cause, smiling the most benign Mexican smiles at the enthusiastic war correspondents, scattering bland compliments among the officers, and there was nothing in all that profusion of good-nature to augur his hatred and jealousy of Villa, his well-known hostility towards the representatives of the Press, and his grudging tolerance of his aids.

HUERTA'S CAREER.

Huerta is much the same type of Mexican as Porfirio Diaz, more Indian than Spanish by blood, appearance, and traits, but he has not the far sounding voice of Diaz, nor can he ever hope to become such a world-compeller.

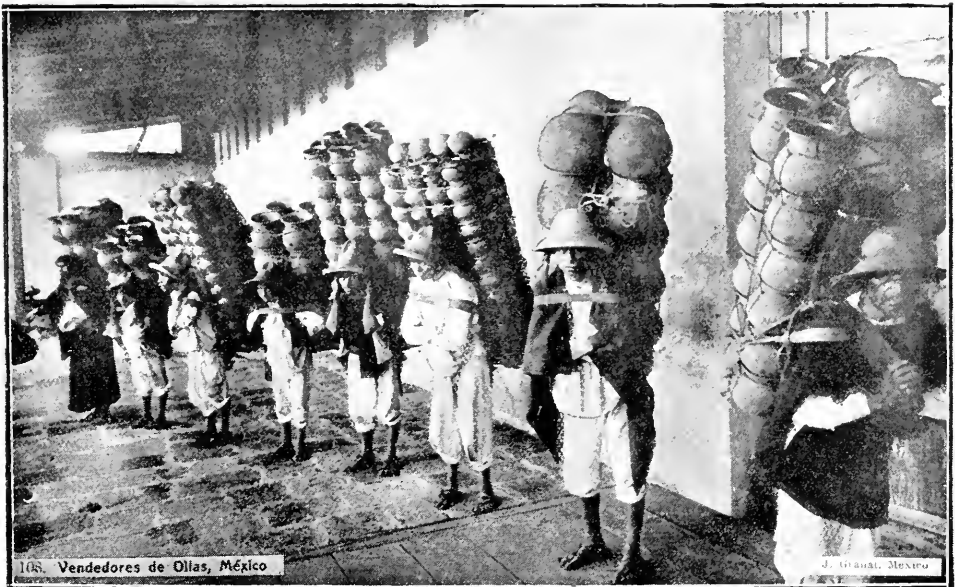
Educated at the military academy of Chapultepec, and with no influence at his back, he advanced slowly. In 1897 General Reyes was Minister of War, and conspired against Diaz. Among his fellow-conspirators was Victoriano Huerta. The intrigue discovered, Reyes was exiled, ostensibly to study military tactics in Germany, while Huerta was deprived of his command.

When Madero started his revolution against Diaz, Huerta offered to fight the uprising, but Diaz, sceptical of the disgraced officer, refused to accept the offer. Later, however, before leaving the capital, Diaz reinstated Huerta in the army, believing that the partisan of Reyes would never make common cause with Madero. Ironically enough, Huerta was in command of the troops that escorted the deluded ex-President to Vera Cruz.

After the departure of Porfirio Diaz, Huerta's ambition, cunning, and an amount of genuine ability that gathered lustre under the conditions prevailing in Mexico promoted him to the foremost rank of Madero's army. For six months he was in command of the operations against Zapata, but accomplished nothing, albeit he gained the reputation of being a merciless murderer of prisoners of war—"a man-eater," to quote Captain Barrios again.

HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST OROZCO.

In 1912, as successor of Gonzales Salas, Huerta conducted the successful Northern campaign against Pascual Orozco and Huerta became the con-



VENDORS OF CLAY POTS.

A considerable industry is carried on in roughly made water jars and pots of all descriptions. The salesmen, who are usually the potters, carry immense loads of them through the streets of the larger towns.



A TYPICAL MEXICAN CITY.

View over San Miguel de Allende, on the central plateau of Mexico, 6000 feet above sea level.

queror and pet hero of the country. Much of his military glory at the time rested upon his own report of the battle of Reyano. This battle took place in June, 1912. Orozco and about 8000 men, armed with Winchester rifles, occupied the heights surrounding the Reyano cañon through which the Federals were forced to pass on their march northward. Orozco's artillery consisted of a few pieces captured from the Federals in a previous engagement, and he had no ammunition for these guns save some makeshift shells manufactured in the railroad shops of Chihuahua, which shells, besides being of inadequate range, seldom exploded. Huerta, on the other hand, had 12,000 men equipped with modern Mauser rifles, and his artillery was composed of fifty field-pieces.

After two or three hours of skirmishing, a force of about 2000 rebels was seen to retreat across the mountains. Huerta, convinced that a battle had been won, began to celebrate, and very shortly he was the worse for brandy. He was wandering at random about the battle-field when Colonel Rubio Navarette approached to inform him of the enemy's

exact position and to get instructions how to use his artillery.

"Fire six shots to the left," ordered the stultified officer.

Obeying orders, Colonel Navarette directed his fire. General Huerta, who was close to the battery in action, was roused from his torpor. "What is this noise, Señor Colonel?" he inquired angrily.

"You ordered me to fire, General," replied the amazed Colonel Navarette.

"Never mind that," was the sullen retort. "Stop that noise! It bothers me."

But for this same Colonel Rubio Navarette, Huerta's men would have advanced without any preliminary precaution. Rubio refused to join the celebration ceremonies, kept his eyes open, and ordered a reconnaissance.

At about midnight, Gerald Brandon, a fearless and thoroughly seasoned American correspondent, who was accompanying the Federal column, came across a force of rebels advancing from the left in an attempt to flank Huerta. Brandon rushed to headquarters and warned the General, who was in no condition to absorb the import of the warn-

ing, but Colonel Navarette, one of the only few sober officers in charge, took heed of the information and stretched an infantry force across the threatened flank in time to check the advancing enemy.

My informant, an officer of Huerta, assured me that had it not been for the timely caution of the American correspondent Huerta, his entire staff, and all the artillery would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and almost without a struggle, for it is a well-known fact that artillery cannot defend itself against the attack of infantry.

After this curiously conducted battle of Reyano, Huerta was severely criticised by the newspapers for sending reports of a glorious victory. He had called the correspondents and personally supervised the wording of the news. He said: "While this battle has not been a Wagram or an Austerlitz, it has shown certain characteristics that renders it unique in the history of modern warfare." He insisted that he be described as the brave and the able strategist who had gained a victory at the cost of fewer than fifty lives, and as such he was recorded in the more amiable accounts of the great battle at Reyano, in which 25,000 men

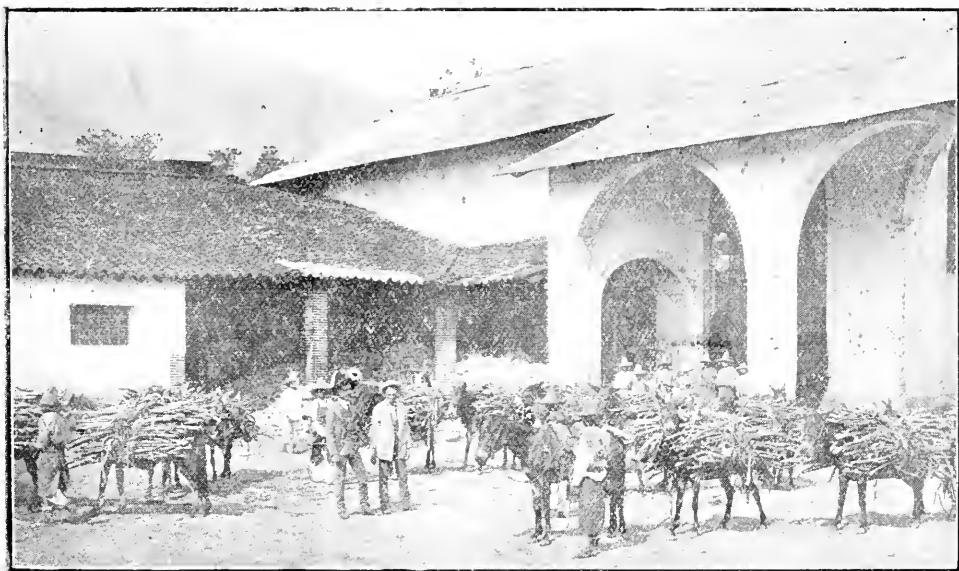
took part! In reality, this battle was not more than a skirmish between the unequal forces of Orozco and Huerta, a pitting of inadequate arms against superior forces, better guns, and powerful artillery. But for the feat which General Huerta described to his Government he was recompensed by the sum of 50,000 pesos.

HIS PRODIGALITY AND LOVE OF DISPLAY.

Upon his return to Mexico City it was said that the victor had secured spoils that were not reckoned with the generosity of Madero. He had acquired a luxurious supply of automobiles, carriages, horses, and other delicacies purloined from private individuals and mining companies in Chihuahua by Orozco.

That battle of Reyano and his last conflict with Orozco at Bashimba occurred two years ago. Since then the inarticulate schemes and ambitions of the commander-in-chief have risen to articulate voice and action. Madero has been gathered to the bosom of oblivion, and Huerta, a culprit whose crime deserves hanging, becomes his impromptu successor.

For months Madero's popularity had been at low ebb. The restless people



A MEXICAN SUGAR MILL.

Primitive methods of transport: Bringing in the Sugar Cane.

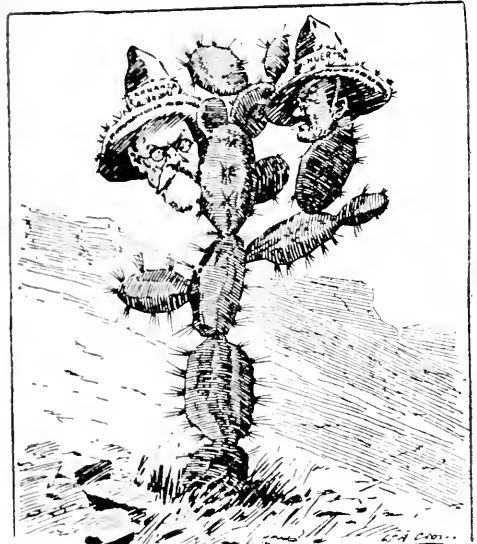
of Mexico were looking for a new Messiah, feeling the necessity for a stronger and more experienced hand to conduct the entangled affairs of the nation. It was an opportune time for the ambitious and glory-spattered General Huerta to fall upon the Presidency. But how? Surely not by way of a revolution. That would have been too flagrant ingratitude. Madero had paid liberally for the services rendered in the North, and the victorious Federal could not afford to so openly snap at the hand that had fed him. He was confident that there would be a less perilous and more plausible means to the end he had in mind; and he did not have to wait long for that means to present itself.

HE JOINS THE DIAZ CONSPIRACY.

Huerta made his first move towards his goal under cover of the uprising instigated by Felix Diaz at Vera Cruz in October, 1912. This feeble revolution was short-lived, and Diaz, the victim of treason, captured, imprisoned, and sentenced to death. Thanks to the effects of his friends and the mercy of Madero, the prisoner escaped execution and was brought to Mexico City for incarceration. Upon his arrival Huerta secretly communicated and conspired with Diaz, who was eager enough to be aided in the ousting of Madero and seizing of the Presidency. But Huerta was not playing for the benefit of Diaz; his game was in favour of his friend, Bernardo Reyes.

A revolt headed by the cadets of Chapultepec Academy broke out in Mexico City, and the infuriated military element rushed to the palace to demand Madero's resignation. Madero obstinately refused to be intimidated by the demonstrations. At the same time the doors of the city's prison were thrown open and Felix Diaz, surrounded by a powerful Felecionista force, who, with ample artillery at their command, fought the defenders of Madero. General Reyes, who had joined the revolutionists, was killed in the conflict.

Now was the moment for Victoriano Huerta and General Blanquet, the present Minister of War, to betray their



Daily News and Leader.

A PRICKLY PAIR.

benefactor. Huerta gripped his opportunity. He arrested Madero at the national palace and later he is believed to have given the cowardly order to assassinate the well-meaning and unfortunate President.

HIS CAREER AS DICTATOR.

Huerta's first affair of dictatorship was to make his new power felt by those whose attitude towards him was inimical. He began to sweep his enemies into prison or to have them executed. Then, to crush the revolutions and to protect himself from the vengeance of Pancho Villa, he prepared an elaborate military programme and succeeded in raising the standard of the Mexican army to fifty thousand men, mostly impressed volunteers or liberated gaol-birds.

This army has failed to fulfil its mission, but Huerta has not yet been proven a failure. With the support of the United States he might have become another Diaz. He might even have restored peace and order in Mexico, for the insolent and audacious provisional President of Mexico is neither a puppet nor a figurehead.

During the months while President Wilson's envoy, Mr. John Lind, was watching Mexican affairs from Vera Cruz and Chargé d'Affaires Nelson

O'Shaughnessy was conducting American business in Mexico City, the Dictator maintained a correct diplomatic attitude which amply justified his reputation for political astuteness, an attitude, moreover, in which the outside world was compelled to admit there existed a certain amount of dignity.

ADMINISTRATOR AS WELL AS SOLDIER.

Victoriano Huerta has proven himself to be a potent administrator as well as a most efficient militarist. It would be fair to admit that he has not had time to demonstrate to the world how able he is to bring about the pacification of Mexico. Like Porfirio Diaz—and the analogy between the two men is marked—he will be recognised by foreigners and Mexicans as a great man. In that unhappy land south of the Rio Grande only an iron hand can rule effectively, the primitiveness and the ignorance of the peon, added to his base social and mental condition, make him an unruly animal who, if he is to be dominated, must be dominated by brute force, the only law he has been taught to respect during his centuries of servitude. It took Porfirio Diaz twelve years to enforce the law and to bring an unwonted order and prosperity to the country. Huerta has had a little over a year to cope with the situation, and in spite of the bitter strife within the borders of the republic and the systematic antagonism from without he has succeeded in holding his own much longer than expected.

It is true that a number of innocent men have suffered under the new Dictatorship, that deputies have been imprisoned, that Senator Dominguez mysteriously disappeared, and others have been less mysteriously dismissed, but on the other hand Huerta has surrounded himself with competent men, has sought a qualified support and retained it. A usurper and self-imposed Dictator he may have been, but for that matter so has been many another Mexican President.

Huerta has been regarded as the strongest man in the republic, a man who would strain every nerve to retain his position and solidify his achieve-

ments. He is a man with a keen sense for a crisis, and he is a clever manipulator of possibilities. He is not a character to be intimidated by the tragic spectres that might well lurk within the walls of the Mexican National Palace, nor by menace from inimical quarters.

A CHARACTER OF INDIAN STOICISM.

He accepts the fact of his enemies with a philosophical degree of stoicism. He has no tender sensibilities to be stung by criticism, no dictatorial conscience, no upsetting compunction upon which persons or circumstances can play. With the spectacle of his crushed armies and his own power so depleted by the successful Constitutionals, who remain in control of more than one-third of the republic; hampered as he has been by the non-recognition of the United States, he has had further recourse to his inexhaustible assets of craft and cunning, and has taken a gambler's last and desperate chance at the results of his connivings.

He has hoped to behold his present enemies, the Constitutionals, rushing on a more serious errand than civil warfare, to see them rallying to preserve the honour and dignity of the fatherland. With the united factions he hoped to resist the hated "Gringo." There would no longer be Federals and Constitutionals, but Mexicans defending the realm of Huerta, for Huerta as a saviour of his country and a medium through which peace, order and the international prestige of Mexico might be restored was a chimera in which he could no longer have faith. He relied, and is still relying, on the fickleness of the Mexican character, counted and is counting upon the Mexicans' hatred for the mighty and meddling white neighbour, on the chaos in which his own cupidity shall become lost or dwindled into a comprehensible sin of patriotism. His cold imagination, figured upon such possibilities, found it the longest but the safest route around the mountain of difficulties that has loomed up in his Presidential path. One-eyed king he may be, but that one eye is fixed on the main chance, and it has the penetration of a veritable statesman.

A TRAGEDY OF INDUSTRY.

THE BUILDING TRADE DISPUTE IN ENGLAND, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

By A. G. GARDINER.

When I walk along the Embankment I always look across the river to see what progress has been made with the County Hall. For years I have been looking and for years I have looked in vain. At one period there seemed some promise of activity. The foundations began to show above the surface of the river and cranes and airy structures of scaffolding gave the impression that at last the County Council was about to take its coat off to the job. It has never liked that job, for the Hall is a legacy of the old regime, the last task to which the Progressives committed the Council before the great overthrow of 1907. The Moderates doubtless would have repudiated it—just as they abolished the boats on the river and the Works Department—if they could have escaped their liabilities. Not being able to repudiate it they gave it the cold shoulder and allowed the scheme to lie dormant, while wages rose and the price of materials rose, so that now it is estimated that, instead of the original cost of £1,700,000, the Hall will put on London a burden of not less than £2,500,000.

HOW IT BEGAN.

But the silence that hangs over the foundations to-day is eloquent of other things than the misdemeanours of the Moderates. It is a comment on one of the most disastrous industrial struggles in the history of London. But for that struggle five thousand men would be at work on the County Hall to-day, and tens of thousands more would be engaged on other great buildings like the offices of the Commonwealth in the Strand, the Stationery Office, the Board of Agriculture in Whitehall, the new Lyons Hotel, and a hundred lesser structures which have been practically

deserted by workmen for three months past.

This dispute in the London building trade is typical of so much of the trouble that is disturbing the industrial world to-day that it may be worth while to relate in some detail its origin and progress. It began with a series of sectional strikes all of the same character. The trade unionists engaged on a building would "down tools" on discovering that they were working beside a non-unionist. The action in each case was entirely unauthorised by the officials of the unions, and it is not denied that it was contrary to the working rules which the men's leaders had signed with the employers. The latter invited the representatives of the unions to a conference in December and asked them if they had any suggestions for making the rules operative with their men. The men's representatives being unable to offer proposals, the employers presented a scheme of their own. This scheme had three main provisions:—

- (1) That a guarantee trust fund should be formed by deposit by both sides, to be available for paying penalties for strikes or lockouts in violation of the working rules.
- (2) That the union should deprecate strikes without the matters in dispute being brought before the Conciliation Board, and should penalise individual members who broke the rules.
- (3) That no "card inspection" by officials of the union should be carried out on the jobs of members of the Master Builders' Association.

In a word, the masters asked the unions to make themselves responsible for the observance of the rules by their members, by financial guarantee and the penalising of those who broke the rules. The unions declined the task.

THE MEN REFUSE.

Thereupon the masters withdrew the working rules and approached the men individually with an ultimatum. Each man was to sign an undertaking that he would "work peacefully with my fellow-employees . . . whether they are members of a trade society or not," and that if he committed a breach of that undertaking he should be "subject to a fine of 20s., to be deducted from his wages." A certain proportion of the men signed this pledge, but the bulk of them refused, and the lockout commenced on January 26, the unions directly concerned then being:—

Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.
National Association of Operative Plasterers.
United Builders' Labourers' Union.
Operative Bricklayers' Society.
Operative Stonemasons' Society.

It had been anticipated by the men that they would be entitled to unemployment benefit under the Insurance Act, but the decision of the Insurance officer, supported by the Court of Referees, was against them, and indeed the terms of the Act left no alternative in the matter, benefit being specifically disallowed in the case of "a stoppage of work which was due to a trade dispute." The resources of the men were therefore limited to the union funds, which provided strike pay varying from 10s. to 15s. a week.

The first attempt at negotiation took place on February 24, when, at a conference between the masters and the representatives of the unions involved, the latter submitted the following proposal:—

That the delegates assembled undertake to submit to their members the following:—
That the Trade Unions agree to a clause being inserted in each agreement that any member or members violating any agreement entered into between the representatives of the Trade Unions and the London Master Builders' Association shall be dealt with by the Executive of such Trade Unions.

CONCILIATION REPUDIATED.

The masters replied that this proposal meant nothing and that they must have monetary guarantees for the fulfilment of the mutual agreements.

Three weeks passed and then the services of the National Building Trades Conciliation Board were called in. They declared that all duly signed rules should be rigidly enforced, that strikes otherwise should not be officially supported, and that union benefits should be suspended in the case of members who failed to observe agreements.

In reply to this, the masters agreed to drop their demand for a guarantee fund, but they asked for the infliction by the unions of monetary penalties on members who broke the rules, the dismissal of any official who incited such a breach, and the discontinuance of "ticket inspection" in any shop or on any job.

The Conciliation Board, which consists of an equal number (19) of representatives of the masters and of the men, continued their attempts to arrive at a basis of settlement, and at a meeting on April 17 drew up recommendations which they adopted unanimously. These recommendations provided that unionists should agree to work with non-unionists, that no strike or lockout should take place until the matter in dispute had been referred to the Conciliation Board, that there should be no victimisation by the masters, and no ticket inspection on the job by the men, and that the observance of the rules should be enforced "to the utmost extent of the disciplinary powers" of the unions or associations concerned.

When the recommendations were submitted to the Masters' Association they were accepted unanimously. When they were submitted to the men they were rejected by a majority of more than ten to one. And there the matter stands.

A HEAVY PRICE.

Whatever view we may take of the facts, it will not be denied that the men have paid dearly for their action. They have lost over half a million in wages, and strike and lockout pay has cost their unions not less than £100,000. Strike pay has, in most cases, long since run out, and thousands of the men are reduced to the brink of starvation. They have had little help from outside, and street collections are profitless, for the

strikers have aroused no public enthusiasm for their cause. The condition of the labourers especially is lamentable. At the best their life is sufficiently precarious. A labourer in the building trade earns for a full week 33s. 4d.; but his occupation is casual, and it is doubtful whether, taken all the year round, he averages more than £1 a week, from which there must be deducted a rent of not less than 6s., leaving a pittance of 14s. for himself and his family. We cannot wonder if men, living normally in such conditions, strike blindly against their lot and are intolerant of the non-unionist who is a menace to their power of improving their lot.

THE GOSPEL OF INDISCIPLINE.

But the tragedy of the thing is this, that in their enthusiasm for unionism they are destroying unionism. They are like those unhappy women who every time they stab a picture stab their own cause. For the refusal to work with non-unionists is not the central fact of this dispute. The central fact is the refusal to obey their own leaders, or to observe the rules to which their own unions have committed them. No one can reasonably complain of the action of the masters in this affair. It is said that their object has been to destroy trade unionism. I can find no evidence of that. They enter into agreement with the men's unions to carry out certain work on certain conditions. Those conditions include the willingness of the men to work with non-unionists. Then when the work is in progress individual workmen, without consulting their leaders, tear up the rules, refuse to work with non-unionists, throw down their tools, and demand the discharge of the non-unionists. The masters ask the unions to control their men and to secure through a money guarantee the observance of the rules. The officials are unable to give the undertaking, not because they do not see that agreements must be observed, but because they know that if they attempt to exercise authority over their members they will themselves be thrown over. And so the miserable struggle goes on, until in the end the men refuse, even though

they are starving, a settlement agreed to by all their representatives a settlement, moreover, from which all question of money guarantee is withdrawn, and which simply provides that they shall work peaceably with non-unionists, that they shall not strike without the most elementary preliminaries, and that if they break the rules they shall be subject to the discipline of their own union.

UNIONISM OR ANARCHY?

This is all simply ruinous to the men themselves. It is not unionism, but anarchism, for it repudiates the first condition of combination, that is, a disciplined obedience to elected authority. Trade unionism in such circumstances is not an army: it is a rabble. The question here is not whether unionists should work beside non-unionists. If the men could compel the masters to discharge the non-unionists they would be entitled to do so, and few of us would have many tears for the non-unionist who shares all the benefits that his organised colleagues have won for his class and is ready to desert them when they are fighting his battle. But the fact that the unions agree to their members working with non-members shows that they cannot compel the masters to adopt an exclusively unionist policy. And so long as the masters show no favouritism to non-unionists and no bias against the unions there is no reasonable ground of complaint. It is not their business to organise labour. One day, no doubt, the State will organise labour and every worker will have to be a member of his trade guild. But till then the men must rely on their own powers of persuasion.

No, the question is not the right to strike against blacklegs, but the right to strike against the union. That is what is happening here, and happening all round. It began when the engineers threw over Mr. George Barnes, and it has been spreading as a sort of insane gospel ever since. Unions are supported, leaders are appointed, agreements are made. Then some mad nullah precipitates a strike without a "by-your-leave" to his leaders. He infects a few men round him, as in

the recent case in South Wales, and then a kind of perverted chivalry leads his comrades to support his action regardless of its merits. And his leaders are stampeded because they have not the courage to say, "No, you are wrong and we will not support you. If you want support for anarchy, you must get other leaders."

LEADERS AND MEN.

Trade unionism is being destroyed by this insubordination of the men and this timidity of the officials. How can you make agreements with unions which cannot command the obedience of their members? What hope is there for an army which is always ready to repudiate its officers and whose officers are always willing to be repudiated?

The current cant about "direct action" is very attractive, especially when

it is preached from a secure armchair, But one thing is certain. You may have anarchy or you may have trade unionism; but you cannot have them together. At present anarchy is in the ascendant. Perhaps the old unionism has had its day. Perhaps from this surging unrest some new relationship of labour and capital is preparing to emerge, and these disquietudes are only the pangs of a new industrial parturition. But whatever the relationship that emerges it will need to be sustained by some discipline and by loyalty to some command. It cannot co-exist with such a spirit of irrational folly as that which has brought tens of thousands of families to starvation to-day because the men decline to be led by their leaders and the leaders are afraid to lead.

ARE YOU A TRADES UNIONIST?

If not, you are neglecting one of the most essential elements in the progress of the race—such is briefly the moral of John Mitchell's paper in *The Atlantic Monthly*. In the October number of this magazine Professor J. Laurence Laughlin dealt with the "Monopoly of Labour," and Mr. Mitchell replies with effect.

The following extract should be copied in every middle-class journal, for it aptly deals with the quasi-sympathetic attitude of the "superior person":—

Those who declare themselves to be in favour of trade unionism in the abstract but opposed to it in the concrete, are not unlike the western farmer who announced that he was unreservedly in favour of the construction of railroads but unalterably opposed to the running of trains. Trade unions were formed for a definite purpose; they have well-defined policies and methods of procedure; they are great, democratic institutions administered by practical men who are earnestly and successfully striving for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor.

The trades-unionist is, of course, no more a philanthropist than the employer

is an altruist; but the welfare of the nation ultimately rests on the existence of a well-paid working population removed from the chief evils attendant on a loose struggle for existence possible and inevitable where "freedom of contract" is the only god.

Mr. Mitchell combats the popular fallacy that high wages is the principal factor in increasing the cost of living:

It is a matter of common knowledge that prices of practically all articles generally used have risen in every country in the world. They have risen in countries in which there are no organisations of labour; they have risen in countries in which there are no organisations of labour having sufficient numbers or strength to influence wages or increase the cost of production. Prices have risen in every part of the United States and have affected commodities in the production of which union labour is not engaged, and in which wages have not been advanced. As a matter of fact, the articles of general consumption which are shown by the report of the United States Government to have increased in price to the greatest extent—such as flour, meats, potatoes, butter, eggs—are all commodities in the production of which union labour has little or no part, and therefore the organisations of labour can have no direct influence upon the wages of workers employed in the production or distribution of such articles.



A NOTABLE BURIAL PLACE.

In this enclosure, outside Sebastopol, lie thousands of Russians, who lost their lives in the Crimean War. General Todleben, the great defender of the city, directed that his bones should rest amongst his faithful soldiers.

“GRAN’FATHER.” By Maxime Gorky.

Maxime Gorky, who recently returned to Russia, after an exile of eight years, is now writing his reminiscences. When one considers the bitterness and irony of the work of this great realist, who might be called the Zola of the Russian vagabond, the following fragment, complete in itself, of his early recollections is of a rare poetic quality. There is a tenderness in it that is hard to reconcile with the harsh and brutal note of much of Gorky’s work, but then, the Russian, in some respects the most child-like among the nations, is always a poet when he looks back on his childhood. This glimpse of his early days is as sincere as it is pathetic, and as simple as it is sincere.

Once more I am with gran’father.

“Well, ruffian?” he greeted me, tapping with his hand on the table. “It’s not me who is going to feed you. Let gran’mother feed you!”

“And I’ll do it,” said gran’mother. “Deary me, what a job it will be!”

“All right, then, do it,” shouted the old man.

He quieted down, however, immediately, and said to me:

“We have separated for good; every thing is now asunder.”

Gran’mother sat at the window, knitting quickly a piece of lace. Gaily crackled the lace bobbins, and the cushion, thickly set with copper pins, glittered in the spring sun like a golden hedge-hog.

Gran’mother herself looked as if cast in copper immobile! Gran’father has shrunk and shrivelled more than ever; his red hair has now become grey; the calm demureness of his movements has changed to an irritating restlessness; his green eyes have become tarnished and look most suspiciously.

Laughing in her sleeve, gran’mother told me about the division of the household gear. He gave her all the pots, bowls, kitchen utensils, and said:

“That’s yours, and don’t ask me for anything more.”

He then took away from her all her old-fashioned dresses and things, her fur mantle, and sold the whole for a sum of seven hundred roubles and lent the money on interest to a nephew of

his, a Jew and a fruiterer. Avarice has become a disease with him; he has lost all sense of shame. He calls on his old acquaintances, his former associates of the Artisans' Guild, rich tradespeople, complaining to them that his children have ruined him and begging for money. He was respected by these people and they gave him largely in bank notes. Waving a note before gran'mother's nose the old man used to tease her like a child.

"Well, did you see it, you fool? You would not have got a hundredth part of that."

All the money thus amassed he used to lend on interest to a new friend of his, a tall, lanky and bald leather dresser, who in the *hoboda* (large village) got the nickname of "The Whip," and to his sister, a shopkeeper, a stout, red-cheeked, hazel-eyed woman, languid and sweet as treacle.

Everything in the home was most strictly divided between the two. One day it was gran'mother who made the dinner out of provisions bought with the money from her own purse; the next day provisions and bread were supplied by the old man and whenever it was his turn the dinners were always worse. Gran'mother used to buy good meat, while he bought tripe, liver, lungs. . . . Tea and sugar were kept by each separately, but the tea was made in one teapot, and the old man used to say most anxiously:

"Wait, wait a little, how much did you put?"

He then strewed the tea leaves on the palm of his hand and counting them out most carefully, said:

"Your tea is finer than mine; therefore I have to put less, mine is coarser and stronger."

He then most carefully watched that the tea should be poured out of equal strength, and that gran'mother should drink the same number of cups as he did.

"Well, then, is it now the last?" she asked before she poured off the whole tea out of the pot.

Gran'father then peeped into the teapot and said:

"All right, then, let it be the last."

Each brought even his and her own oil for the image lamp before the ikons—this after half a century of toil together!

For me it was both ludicrous and disgusting to watch the old man's tricks, but to gran'mother it only seemed funny.

"Don't worry yourself," she reassured me. "What about it? The gaffer is old. That's why he's fooling about like that. You know he's near eighty. Let him fool about. No harm in it to anybody. I'll earn enough myself for a piece of bread both for me and for you, so don't you worry."

I, too, had just started to earn some money. On holidays, early in the morning, I took a bag and went my way to backyards and streets gathering bones, tatters, pieces of paper and nails. For a pound of rags and paper the rag and bone people used to pay me twenty copecks, the same was paid for iron, while for a pound of bones they only gave eight or ten copecks. On week days, after school, I carried on the same job, so that each Saturday I sold various things for a sum of thirty to fifty copecks, and on especially lucky days even more.

Gran'mother used to take the money and slip it quickly into the pocket of her underskirt, praising me with her eyes cast down.

"Thanks to you, my hearty, you and me, we'll get on all right."

I saw once how she, holding my few coppers in her hand was weeping gently, and a tear, one troubled tear, was hanging from her nose like a pumice-stone!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL OPERA LEAGUE.

An organised effort is being made to do for opera in Australia what the Repertory Theatre Club does for the drama. A League is being formed, the object of which is to encourage the performance of opera at regular intervals in Sydney and Melbourne. The movement originated amongst musicians themselves, but a wide non-professional circle is already interested in the idea. Matters have progressed so far that the Sydney branch has already produced two operas, one, *Giovanni*, by Mr. Alfred Hill; the other, *Pierette*, by Mr. Fritz Hart. So confident are those who are the prime movers in the matter, that the public will respond to their efforts, that they have arranged to bring both operas to Melbourne for a season of one week, beginning on August 24th.

The expenses of a first-class orchestra and of a caste that is largely professional are necessarily heavy, and the League needs the support of all who are interested in our musical development. Once successfully started, the League will devote itself to the regular production of well-known standard operas, as well as of works by Australian composers. From these begin-

nings a national opera may well spring into existence, and much artistic benefit to the community should follow in its train. The subscription to the League is one guinea, and all members receive six tickets for the season, available for any performance during the week. The president is Mr. Geo. C. Allen, the hon. business manager Mr. Jas. Martin.

The two operas which are being given were decided on because they were ready to hand, easy to produce, and did not require months to prepare. Mr. Reginald Roberts is in charge of the production. Mr. Hill, Mr. Hart, and all the promoters give their labours without any pecuniary return. The artists will, of course, be paid. Neither opera has a chorus, but the next production is to have one, and in fact it is hoped to establish a permanent opera chorus which can always be relied on. Altogether the movement should result in the creation of a good school of experience for our young singers, and deserves the hearty support of all those who desire to popularise a form of musical art which is bound to spread the love of music amongst the people.

WHITHER ?

By MISS MARY E. WILKINSON.

A most notable play was produced during July by the Repertory Theatre Club. Notable for the excellent manner in which it was staged and acted, but still more remarkable because it was written by a young lady who earns her living as a typist in one of Melbourne's great business houses.

One expects, in a tyro's effort, much to criticise, but critics were pleasurably disappointed when they saw the play. With advantage it might be cut down here and there, and we have too much

reiteration of the main contention of the play, equal pay for equal work; one or two of the situations are a little bit strained, and some of the exits are not quite happy, but apart from these minor matters the play grips the spectator from start to finish. Here is no milk and water presentation of the iniquity of paying women less than men for work they do as well, or better. It is a real live problem, and, as the tale unfolds before us we realise that it



Alice Mills.

MARY E. WILKINSON.

tells the life story of thousands who are working daily in the offices of the great cities. There is much sound logic in the whole play, and the hopeless position of the average woman wage-earner is well brought out.

Very briefly, the story is about a family, the head of which is sacked from his position of accountant in a large firm, because he was "too old at 50." The day on which, somewhat the worse for drink, he makes known this calamity to his family, Ellis Hillson, his daughter, and David Walsh, a boarder in the house, arrive in a state of great excitement over the University examination results. Ellis passes first class, David just scrapes through. On learning the news of her father's dismissal, Ellis resolves to earn money for the family. She is in love with David, but is deeply offended when he snatches a kiss. He, however, assists her to get a position as typist.

Six years later she is shown in an office, typing away at high pressure. The cleverest scene in the play takes place in this room when several other girls come in to eat their lunches. From many points of view they discuss the question of equal wages for equal work. They give many examples of what they have done, and the lack of appreciation shown by their employers. Several of the characters are excellently drawn.

After they have gone Ellis has a short flare up with the senior partner, Mr. Lewis, who explains to her the economic side of the question, pointing out that though he would gladly give her more wages, he has to compete with other firms who do not, and would have to go to the wall if he did so.

Left alone, Ellis spies a poor woman, Lucy Harrison, from the window, and brings her and her baby into the office. She tells her sordid story and is comforted by Ellis, who promises to find her a place with friends. This incident is hardly germane to the story, and is somewhat unnecessarily dragged in. It might well be omitted altogether.

During the office scenes an office-boy is much in evidence. He looks and acts the part so splendidly that it is not surprising to learn that he actually fills that important position in the firm for which Miss Wilkinson works.

The next act takes place, a year later, in the house of Miss Robina Rixon, a splendidly drawn character of an old spinster whose soft heart is hidden beneath shrewd common sense and a biting humour. The conversation is well managed, and leads naturally up to the climax when Ellis learns from David, who is now a partner in the firm for which she works, and who had shortly before asked her to marry him, that he is to wed Georgiana Rixon, a somewhat extraordinary type of woman's righter. The play ends well with Lucy kneeling at the feet of Ellis, exclaiming in tones of deepest sympathy, "Poor Miss Ellis."

The play strongly emphasises what we are so fond of ignoring. Why should Ellis, the mental superior of David, have to remain always a mechanical typist just because she is a woman, and he, merely because he is a man, although far less well equipped by nature, become a principal in the firm which employs her? Miss Wilkinson is certainly to be congratulated upon her first effort at playwriting, and also upon the fact that there was a Repertory Club willing, and a Mr. McMahon able, to produce it. More power to his elbow.

BAUER'S RECITALS.

Harold Bauer demonstrated to Australian audiences that he was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, exponent of the great masters in the world. His masterly technique is combined with an absolute certainty, and a lightness of touch which seems impossible in so powerfully built a man. The hearer is speedily convinced that Bauer's interpretation of a piece was the result of the most careful study, that it was the correct one; there was always a sureness about the whole rendering which conveyed a wonderful confidence to the entire audience. Mr. Bauer visits New Zealand on his way to the United States of America, and is due to appear in London in November.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

It was a welcome idea of Messrs. A. and C. Williamson to bring out a company to present the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. After some of the light comedy which we have had to endure, the straight-out fun and frolic of Gilbert, old friend though he be, is very welcome. Whether the operas would have been more popular had the rendering been better is not a matter to trouble the management, for, as given, they were evidently highly appreciated, to judge from the crowded houses night after night in Melbourne. The company came here from a most successful tour in South Africa.

OFFICER 666.

Fred. Niblo can make a success of almost any play in which the chief character can be played by him without any make-up. Officer 666 is only a screaming farce, with many impossible situations, and altogether nothing like so good as some of his earlier pieces; but despite that Niblo smiles it to victory. It is only when his familiar face and smile disappear under the disguise of a policeman that the play lags a



[Topical.

HARRY LAUDER HAS A DAY OUT.

Chatting with children on his way to make records of his latest songs at Hayes, England.

little. This actor has become so popular with his wholesome if rather slight farces, that his decision to remain here permanently will be received with much pleasure by his many admirers.

THE EVER-POPULAR LAUDER.

Harry Lauder has won a place for himself in the hearts of Australians, especially of Scotch Australians. He has had crowded audiences wherever he goes. Those who heard him wonder sometimes why they are so delighted, and only realise later that it is the personality of the man, even more than his inimitable songs, which holds them spell-bound.



CAN CANCER BE CURED?

Cancer, that terrible and deadly disease, will we ever find a cure for it? That is a question being asked by hundreds of thousands of sufferers the world over. One after another so-called cures had been brought forward, but not one has proved successful. A few years ago much was hoped from injection of erysipelas germs, but that proved a lamentable failure. Then came the X-ray treatment, and later still radium was used, and at first both methods were hailed as successes. The former was soon proved to be of no benefit, but actually to accelerate the fell march of the disease. Not only so, but those who handled the rays often became infected with cancer. Radium certainly gave, at first, all the appearance of a cure, but in the case of deeply-rooted cancer it has proved like the X-rays, to aggravate the disease. The introduction of radium tubes into the flesh near the root of the trouble has given no better results than external application, and has often been followed by hemorrhage and re-absorption of septic fluids, resulting in death.

Medical congresses have all now testified to the apparent failure of this latest remedy, but great scientists are constantly working to find a cure, and ere long, no doubt, one will be found. Dr. Doyen, the great French medical physicist, gave an account of his researches at the recent congress in Paris. He demonstrated how the cancerous cell is destroyed by a temperature of 58 degrees centigrade, and went on to describe the remarkable thermic properties of electric currents of high frequency and low pressure, and showed how they destroyed the cells. To this destructive action he has given the name, electro-coagulation, because under its influence the cancer cells are coagulated, like the white of an egg, when heated over 70 degrees centigrade. He demonstrated that all external cancer can be cured by this treatment, provided it is taken in time; if too deeply seated other organs would suffer from the treatment, and death might follow. So impressed were the members of the Congress that

next day they induced Dr. Doyen to experiment on a cancer at the root of the nose, which had previously been unsuccessfully treated by radium, and on two growths spreading over the region of the ear and the angle of the jaw, which had also been ineffectually treated both with X-rays and radium. He destroyed the cancer in all three cases. To further convince his hearers and demonstrate the lasting efficacy of his treatment he produced a large number of patients who had been treated by him during the last few years, and had been cured either by his anti-neoplasique method, for deep-rooted cancer, or by electro-coagulation for superficial and accessible cancers. When a scientist of the standing of Dr. Doyen is so positive as to the success of this treatment, the ordinary man cannot but think that there is something in it. If there is, what an untold boon to hundreds of thousands yet unborn! A discovery like that would be far more valuable than any treasure man could win. All the world will wait anxiously for further information and proofs about the experiments now being conducted in Paris.

OXYGEN AND CANCER.

Under this title Lionel Cresswell contributes a notable article to *The Nineteenth Century*. The paper surveys the position of the medical world in its present knowledge of cancer, and we summarise the writer's opinions as to the causes of this malignant disease:—

"First of all comes oxygen. This element I submit to be the exact and actual stimulus in the activation of the malignantly disposed cell on towards its evil courses. Not, be it observed, the ordinary oxygen of the atmosphere, diluted as that is with four times its volume of nitrogen, nor even perhaps ordinary or relatively quiescent molecular oxygen. More probably it is oxygen surface-concentrated, condensed and molecularly disturbed, possessing the enhanced chemical properties of such and possibly possessing the atomic activities of the nascent state. Secondly, there must be a catalytic agent present

—soot in the case of chimney sweeps' cancer, blood decomposition derivatives such as haemosiderin or globin in sarcoma, melanin in melanotic sarcoma, and ferments, enzymes or oxidases in other cases. *The third factor* is the exposure of the cell protoplasm to the chemically excited oxygen. This exposure may arise from local injury, blows, wounds, and the like, or may be produced by chronic irritation of a mechanical kind, such as is caused on the lower lip by the smoking of short clay pipes, or in the mouth or on the tongue by a jagged tooth, or in the œsophagus and intestinal tract at certain points by the passage and pressure of food, fæces, etc. . . . *But the cancerous predisposition must co-exist* or few of us would escape cancer for any length of time. Mechanical injury opens the door—as it were admitting the catalytically accompanied oxygen over the cell threshold to the oxygen-hungry protoplasm inside the cell. Hence *the fourth stage* in order going back is "oxygen hunger in some of the cells or tissues or organs, or in the whole organism, arising from the *fifth factor* in my causative series—namely, *senile decay*, general or partial or local, due to natural inferiority or failure, to a greater or less degree, in the oxygen-supplying mechanism of the system. *The sixth factor* that I discern in the study of the disease is an increased alkalinity of the blood. Oxidations are often much accelerated by the presence of alkalies, for these enable substances to absorb oxygen which do not possess this power themselves. Acids produce an opposite effect, hence their use as preservatives—e.g., vinegar.

"It is not improbable that a certain membrane formation occurs in the incipient cancer cell assisting the assumption of reproductive characteristics by increasing subsequent cell oxidations."

Mr. Cresswell's paper will give rise to considerable discussion, as its importance demands, although the writer is careful to conclude:—"I trespass on no medical ground. I offer no cure."

RADIUM AND CANCER.

The *Deutsche Revue* contains two articles on the treatment of cancer and

similar diseases by rays—either X-rays or rays from radioactive substances. The first article, by Professor Dr. Kronig, deals generally with the whole subject. Cancer on the surface, he says, certainly can be cured by subjecting it to rays, but for deep-seated cancer it is more difficult; in this case only very penetrating rays must be used. The whole question, however, is yet in its infancy, and it is impossible to say whether this method of treatment is better than operating.

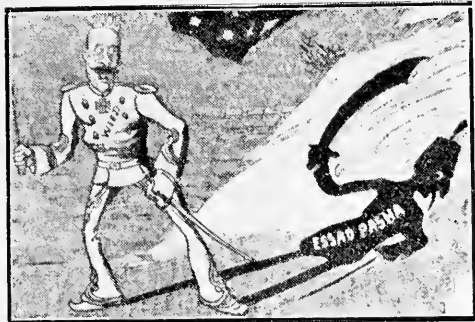
Comparing the two methods we find in 80 per cent. of cases operated on the cancer reappears later. Whether this is the case with ray treatment cannot definitely be said, since there has not been time to find out, but everything points to it not being the case.

Many people die after operation, but none have so far died after ray treatment. The dangers of ray treatment are two. An underdose may have the terrible effect of accelerating the growth of the cancer; an overdose, while curing the cancer, may bring in its train a severe skin disease. These two dangers have made people look rather askance at this method of treatment, but it must be remembered that it is at present in its infancy, and with more knowledge it will be possible to eliminate these dangers.

In the second article V. Czerny tabulates the results deduced from ten years' radium treatment of cancer at Heidelberg. The chief conclusions are that it is possible to cure cancer on the surface of the body. In the case of deep-seated cancer, when dispersed, there is a risk of recurrence, and whether strong doses will prevent this recurrence cannot be decided for some years.

When the intensity of the ray is too small to destroy the cancer cells it accelerates their growth. There are some cancer cells whose energy of growth is so great that even the strongest rays have no effect. In most cases where an operation can be performed without danger it is better to remove the cancer with the knife, and then treat with radium, so as to reduce the danger of a residual effect. This combined treatment has given the best results.

A "SLOUGH OF DESPOND."



Kikeriki.]

[Vienna.

AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW.

Dr. Dillon applies John Bunyan's expressive phrase to the condition of Albania, and we give the pithy summary of his article in *The Fortnightly Review*. Dr. Dillon entitles his paper, of over 10,000 words, "The Albanian Tangle," and says:—

Albania is for the moment a political Slough of Despond in which Nationalists, Catholics, Moslems, Bek Tashis, Beys, Pashas, demi-serfs, European Commissioners, Cabinet Ministers, Dutch Officers, foreign diplomatists, insurgents, and gendarmes are floundering about "pele-mele," not knowing what they or their neighbours are doing. And so long as the causes of this chaotic tangle continue to be operative, the effects will necessarily continue to make themselves felt. To attempt to build up a

self-sufficing State under the actual conditions, most of which Europe has deliberately imposed, is like trying to twist a rope of sand. Albania in its present plight may be likened to a drop of water imprisoned in a crystal, complete in itself, but shut up in a hard, impassable medium, where it can neither expand into vapour nor harden into ice. And Prince Wilhelm's function is to gaze at this crystal steadfastly, and feast his soul on the visions and potentialities that unfold themselves to his inner sight as he contemplates it. It is not given him to penetrate the crystal, neither can he modify the water-drop.

EUROPE AND ALBANIA.

In an article in *Le Correspondent*, on Europe and Albania, André Chéradame, after a sketch of the events which led up to the creation of Albania as a principality and the troubles which have ensued since that event, goes on



Dur's Elsass.]

IN THE GARDENS OF EUROPE.

Mr. and Mrs. Albania and their friends.



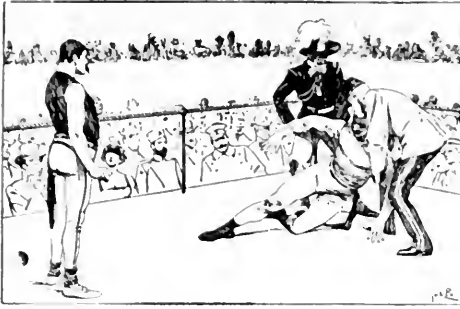
Der Wahre Jacob.]

[Stuttgart.

WILLIAM THE ANXIOUS: "My long legs serve me well here."

to point out that a common-sense solution of the Albanian difficulty would be to leave the southern part (Epirus) to the Greeks; the north, which is Catholic, to the Servians and Montenegrins; whilst the centre, which is Mahommedan, could be made into a Principality under a Mussulman prince. He fears, however, that that is too rational a solution to be adopted by the Powers. If, however, the situation remains as it is, Europe should at once sanction the agreement arrived at with regard to Epirus at the conference of Corfu, otherwise M. Venizelo's position at Athens will become untenable.

The writer says that the Prince of Wied can only remain on if in possession of vast sums of money with which



[De Amsterdammer.]

THE SECOND ROUND.

AUSTRIA AND ITALY (to Prince of Wied): "Come, buck up, Willie; pull yourself together!"

to pay the Albanian leaders for their support; the only countries that might possibly advance him this money would be Austria or Italy, neither of whom would be very willing to subsidise all Albania.

If on the other hand, Prince William of Wied has to go and another prince is required, it would be better to choose a Mussulman—if not an Albanian then an Egyptian; but not a Turk, as they have shown their incapacity to rule the Albanians. If this were done there would have to be autonomy in the north and in Epirus on account of religious differences.

The writer is against any intervention on the part of the Triple Entente. He says truly they are only asked to intervene in order to act as buffer between Austria and Italy. A campaign would be costly, both in men and money, for the country is almost inaccessible, and in return the Entente would gain nothing.

ROUMANIA'S PROGRESS.

André Chéradame, writing in *Le Correspondant* on "The Evolution of Roumania," gives a most interesting account of the progress Roumania is making, both with regard to its internal and external affairs.

There can be no doubt, he affirms, of the future of Roumania. It is a country with splendid agricultural and commercial possibilities; the birthrate goes up steadily—it has risen to the extent of a million in seven years—and since her intervention in the late Balkan war she feels herself of great importance as

keeping the balance in the Balkan States.

Of her internal policy M. Chéradame says:—Great land reforms are required, for most of the land is held by big proprietors, and the peasants working under them are literally starving; it is necessary that some arrangement should be made by which peasants could buy their own land. The Liberals have such a scheme on hand; they also have a scheme of electoral reform. At present the vote is in the hands of a few, but it is hoped in time to arrive at Universal Suffrage. Roumania is now beginning to interest herself in foreign affairs; she has, owing to the treaty of Bucharest, acquired the strip of Bulgarian territory she has long coveted. She now turns her eyes towards Transylvania and her countrymen there. This being the case it is natural that there should be a coldness springing up between her and Austria to the detriment of her understanding with the Triple Alliance.

There is also a growing friendship between Roumania and Russia. That is, however, for the future. Ostensibly all is well between her and the Triple Alliance, and at the moment she is occupied in maintaining the position she has gained in the Balkans, where by her friendship with Serbia and Greece she can oppose any aggressive move on the part of Bulgaria or Turkey.



[Liverpool Courier.]

THE CAT CAME BACK.

DAME EUROPE: "What, again! And I've not cleared the pieces from the last mess yet!"

Serious trouble is again threatened in the Balkan States.

THE BIG FOUR IN TENNIS.

Under this title Edward B. Dewhurst gives a most interesting account of the different methods of the four great players who easily overshadow all the rest. Writing in *Outing* he says:—

Here are the four champions differing from each other in skill by the merest fraction. So close together are they that each has practically beaten the other. McLoughlin has beaten Parke, and been beaten by him; Wilding has beaten Brookes and McLoughlin, and he has been beaten by Parke; Brookes has fallen to the skill of Parke, and avenged his defeat twice afterwards.

On his form at Wimbledon this year the German champion, Froitzheim, should certainly be regarded as the equal of the four named. He defeated Parke, and to conquer him Brookes had to work far harder than in any of his other matches, not excepting that with Wilding. In fact, at one time there was only one stroke between Froitzheim and victory.

Yet close as these men are bunched at the top of the tennis tree, each one plays the game in his own way, and stamps on his exposition the trade-mark of his own individuality and methods.

After dealing exhaustively with the methods of the four men, Mr. Dewhurst sums up:—

This, then, would seem to be the differences in the game of each of these players, who are the best in the world to-day:—

McLoughlin must serve his crushing ball, rush into the net position, and kill the return. He has no need to think much, nor has he need to plan. His game is so sudden and his attack so fierce that, though the method of it be well known, it can hardly be resisted. Hence it is that McLoughlin is seldom seen manœuvring for position. It is quite unnecessary for the game as he plays it. All that he needs is supreme confidence in his own methods to keep him playing the game in his own way and to prevent him being driven back

to play the game in any other way but his own.

In Brookes is seen a man who is always playing position, finessing his stroke to get his opponent off his balance, tricking him by the subtlety of his plays till he gets the opening for his winning stroke. For this there must never be a moment when he is not thinking of the stroke and of the opposite player and how he may best get him out of his stride and open up the court to his own attack. Where McLoughlin hammers his way to victory with a club, Brookes fights with lightning flashes of the rapier, parrying, feinting and thrusting always to the unguarded joint in his opponent's armour.

Wilding's superb game shows again the earmarks of the calm, judicial thinker; the man who will play away all day if necessary, concentrating his attack ruthlessly on the weak point of his opponent's game; the man who uses no spectacular plays when he knows that a series of strokes placed to some exact spot will later open up the way for the well-placed volley that will win the point. He is the determined fighter, strong at all points of the game, yet with no wonderful strokes in any one department, but with the brain to plan and the ability to carry out the determined attack on the one point that his opponent has already shown to be his vulnerable spot.

And finally there is Parke, the dashing Irishman who spares neither himself nor the ball, to whom risks are things to be taken, not avoided, and an inch along the side line is a wide-open opening that it would be ridiculous to miss; the mighty athlete who, when everything is against him, will throw discretion to the winds and by his supreme nerve and daring pull off shot after shot from positions that are well-nigh impossible, and win matches against odds so great that the tennis world stands aghast!

THE RAILWAYS' STRANGLE-HOLD.

Mr. Charles Edward Russell contributes a most remarkable article to the American *Pearson's Magazine*. He points out that the real editor of newspapers which are sold at less than their manufacturing cost is the advertiser. In America the railroads are the greatest of all advertisers, and they see to it that the papers are subservient to them.

The railroads advertise by columns, double columns, half pages, full pages. They have become the most desirable as well as the most profitable of advertisers, not haggling about rates, or contracts, but pouring the golden tide toward the newspaper business offices, than which there is no place where it is more warmly welcomed. They have become "friends of ours." No newspaper in these days will look with cold or careless eyes upon a "friend of ours," that comes often into the counting house with a big display ad., and much mazuma! For all these reasons the newspapers serve the exploiters and the powers of evil. So they do every day in great matters and small, in ways you never know, and ways you are just beginning to surmise. This is the American Press as at present conducted. That is why you get your first information about this important railroad matter from a monthly magazine — not from "news" papers. Neither Russia nor Spain ever had a press censorship, or press control more efficient than we have to-day in the free (?) United States.

Mr. Russell then goes on to tell the story of the railroads' demand for higher rates, and how, when before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the whole carefully prepared structure on which this demand was based was demolished by a young man called Clifford Thorne, no reports at all appeared in the papers, which set forth only what the railroad presidents announced from the witness stand. But although the newspapers ignored him utterly, the Commissioners were so much impressed that they allowed Mr. Thorne to cross-examine the presidents of the involved railroads when they came to give evidence. He gave them a most terrible time, but not a word of all his keen cross-examinations and the damaging admissions he forced the railroad men to make appeared in the press.

The railroads based their demand for a 5 per cent. increase in freight rates, on the ground that increased wages and other burdens were impoverishing them,

and that the crisis in railroad affairs could only be remedied by an immediate increase of rates. This 5 per cent. increase would mean an increase of £10,000,000 in the annual revenue of these railroads, and ten million pounds added to the freight charges would be, perhaps, £20,000,000 by the time it reached the public that really pay it, who are the ultimate consumers. The last increase in freight rates, in 1907, resulted in an increase of £2,000,000 a year in the cost of living of the people of California alone. Everything was going on splendidly before the Commission, until

Suddenly, on March 9th, this sweetly chiming harmony of railroad testimony is rudely interrupted. There comes to the witness stand a young man of whom few persons outside his own State had ever heard—a quiet-spoken, good-looking, young fellow, that you might take for a student, or a budding literary man, and began in a gentle, confident way, to testify. In ten minutes he had his audience breathless and gasping, and when he retired at the close of the day's proceedings, of the beautiful structure of statistics, and fake so laboriously erected for so many days, by the railroad gentlemen, he had left not one stone upon another. The whole thing was in ruins. Without exaggeration one may say that this was as sensational an event as had happened in Washington for many months. The young man's name is Clifford Thorne. He is chairman of the State Railroad Commission of Iowa, and, strange to say, he knows his job—a fact of which he convinced every hearer in the first half-hour of his extraordinary testimony. Railroad gentlemen had testified that their companies were in financial distress, or close upon bankruptcy. Mr. Thorne showed that these companies were making more profits than ever before. Their representatives asserted that with present rates the companies were unable to maintain their properties. Mr. Thorne showed that they were spending more money for maintenance than they had ever spent before, and were still making greater profits. Their representatives had asserted that these companies were no longer able to earn a fair revenue on their capital.

Mr. Thorne showed that they were continually increasing their capital, and still were earning on it increased profits.

He proved all this from the companies' own reports, and statistics. Maintenance, he showed, had increased enormously just before the railroads made their statements of impending

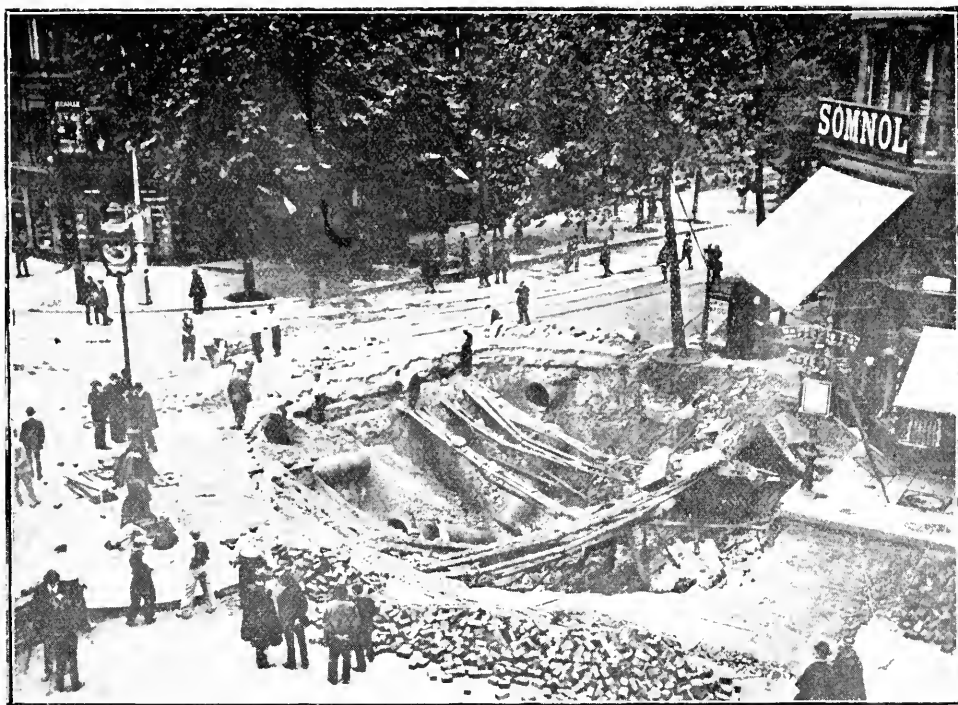
bankruptcy, so much so that according to their own books every locomotive cost 110 per cent. more to maintain in 1913 than in 1912. He showed that, had the usual amount of maintenance charges been made, the decrease in operating income for the first seven months of the present fiscal year would have been £5,200,000, not £10,200,000, as stated by the railroads.

It is the custom in America, and a very wise one, indeed, too, to charge up new rolling stock and additions to the permanent way, etc., to maintenance instead of, as in Great Britain and Australia, to capital account. The result is that whilst British railways are hopelessly over-capitalised, and our own financially water-logged, the American railroads are not. Consequently they could, if necessary, scrap all their present stock without hesitating if the need arose, whilst such an action would be impossible here or in Britain.

At the same time, whilst recognising the wisdom of the American policy, the

evidence given in *Pearson's* would certainly seem to show that in order to make as bad a case out as possible, the railroad men had bumped up the maintenance charge beyond a point justified. For instance, the cost of maintenance on the Pennsylvania railroad was, in 1909, £2160 a mile; in 1912 it was £2540 a mile; and in 1913, just before the enquiry started, it had jumped up to £3080 per mile. Even if the American railroads obtain the 5 per cent. asked for, their consistent policy of charging renewals to maintenance instead of to capital account would still leave their freight charges far lower than those in this country, or, indeed, anywhere else in the world.

The railroad situation is deeply interesting, but the way in which the great roads have muzzled the newspapers is of far greater moment than any increase in freights could possibly be. A free press seems to have ceased to exist in a great country like the United States. A terrible state of affairs!



THE TRAGIC STREET COLLAPSES IN PARIS.

[Topical.]

The wet weather was responsible for some terrible subsidences in Paris recently. The above photograph shows a collapse at the corner of the Rue de Havre, where several persons were buried alive.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATION.

In *The Sociological Review* Mr. Edward Cadbury presents "The Case For and Against Scientific Management," which in these days of industrial unrest claims especial consideration. This new science expresses itself in many ways, but the outstanding fact is the assumption of increased responsibilities by employers which, as Mr. Cadbury points out, include three special duties:—

They develop a science for each element of a man's work; they scientifically select and then train, teach and develop the workman; they co-operate with the men so as to ensure all the work being done in accordance with the principles of the science which has been developed. In short, the science says it is possible to find the best man, make him produce the best possible work as to quality and quantity, and at the same time improve the wages, the health, and the morals of the worker.

This specialisation of industry suggests so many advantages to the manufacturer, and accordingly we are not surprised to find that the new science meets with the opposition of the workers' unions, as Mr. Cadbury says:

The trade unionists assert that the whole system is unremunerative to the worker—an exacting and rigorous process, which paves the way for deterioration, both mental and physical, in a future generation, and which courts inevitable failure as soon as the trade unions are strong enough to stop it. The trade unionists are thus definitely opposing methods, some of which are legitimate, and even necessary when properly used.

Undoubtedly there is great waste in the present slipshod methods, and great advances towards the scientific selection of workmen, time-study of operations, recording of results, standardisation of tools and

equipment, and careful cost estimates, are necessary; but the reduction of the workman to a living tool, with differential bonus schemes to induce him to expend his last ounce of energy, while initiative and judgment and freedom of movement are eliminated, in the long run must either demoralise the workman, or, more likely in England, produce great resentment and result in serious differences between masters and men.

The paper contains much valuable information as to the education of Employees, Apprenticeship Schemes, Discipline, Remuneration, etc., which are the result of many years' experience at Bournville, which word is a synonym for the best features of factory management. It is something for an employer to be able to record that as a result of his efforts the greatest gain has been a growth in mutual respect and understanding between the workers on the one hand and the firm and its officials on the other.

Mr. Cadbury concludes by reminding the capitalist that—

fortunately, the wage-earners in England are steadily becoming better educated, and acquiring a more intelligent appreciation of the industrial system and of their place in it. They think with truth that in the past they have not had a fair share either in wealth or leisure of the immense gain that has been made through the progress of science and invention. But this is not the only cause of the industrial unrest. They want—and surely this is a very legitimate demand!—more control over their own lives. The problem of the future which the capitalist classes have to meet is in the first place a wider and more equitable distribution of wealth and leisure, and in the second, to devise some method by which the workers can have some share in the control of the industry in which they are engaged.

WHO SHOULD PAY?

In the *Contemporary* L. G. Chiozza Money revels in his own particular way on that most absorbing topic, "Great Britain's £200,000,000 Budget." The article should be read by everyone who is interested in Lord George's efforts to make revenue meet expenditure. It is pleasing to note that despite her outlay on mammoth armaments Britain's percentage of increase in this direction is only 2 per cent., as compared with Germany's 40 per cent., France's 31 per

cent., Russia's 42 per cent., and our own 33 per cent. It certainly looks as though retrenchment might be the next step! Dealing with the vexed question as to who should pay the piper, the writer says:—

"Generally, the new Budget marks a further great advance in the fairer distribution of the burdens of taxation. In 1904-5, the financial year before the present Liberal Government took office, £58,300,000 was raised by direct taxa-

tion and £72,000,000 by indirect taxation, the proportions being respectively 44.7 per cent. and 55.3 per cent. In 1914-15, £98,700,000 will be raised by direct taxation and £75,000,000 by indirect taxation, the proportions being respectively 56.8 per cent. and 43.2 per cent. This change has not been made without loud complaints from the propertied classes, which are finding such vigorous expression in the House of Commons that, as I have sat in my place, I have again and again wished that the entire electorate of the United Kingdom could have sat in the Strangers' Gallery to hear related the woes of the poor rich. The facts of the case

are that if the Opposition had had their way we should be spending enormously more upon the Navy and enormously more upon the Army, to say nothing of the fact that the Government has been vigorously pressed by the Opposition to find tax-money in relief of rates. When it comes to paying a bill smaller than that which, according to Tory criticism, is necessary, the Government is denounced for taxing wealth, for "wasting the nation's capital," for "discouraging enterprise," for "trenching on the war reserve." *Then who is to pay? let it be plainly asked.* If the rich cannot afford to pay taxes, can the poor afford to do so?"

THE ALIEN IN AMERICA.

The presence of the alien rouses the antipathy of many persons who ignore history and statistics alike in the universal condemnation of the plague of foreign immigrants. *The North American Review* contains an impartial enquiry by the Hon. A. Piatt Andrew, who first examines the loud-voiced complaint of the home-born patriot. His article might be read with considerable advantage here, where only British immigrants are looked on with favour. He says:—

"As I recall the similar assertions and fears of earlier periods I must confess that I sympathise with the gentleman from Missouri who expressed a desire to have some evidence submitted. It looks as if, in the eyes of some Americans, the only good immigrants were the dead immigrants, and that the only opportunities for the country's development lay in the past. I want to know, and you want to know, in what sense the immigrants of to-day are thought to be inferior to those who preceded them, and on what grounds it is claimed that the country has reached the limit of profitable increase in population.

"Are the new immigrants less sound of body and mind than those of earlier generations? Do they more frequently evince criminal proclivities? Are they more apt to become a charge upon the State? Is their standard of living lower? Are they less capable of becoming loyal, worthy American citizens?"

To each question the answer is "No!" and the evidence is quoted from the reports of the Immigration Commissioners.

"It is easy," says Mr. Andrew, "to echo the cry of prejudice if you happen to be of Anglo-Saxon descent and to assume an air of superiority and denounce the Italians, Greeks, Poles, Bohemians, and Russian Jews, as if they ranked somewhere between man and the beast, but were not yet wholly human. The same intolerant attitude of mind among the Anglo-Saxon Puritan settlers of early colonial days led to the whipping, imprisonment, banishment, and even hanging of Quakers and others of unlike religious beliefs. If you share these prejudices to-day, walk some Sunday afternoon through the galleries of the art-museums in our large cities and note who are the people most interested in their treasures; inquire at the public libraries who are their most appreciative patrons; visit the night schools and observe who constitute their most eager classes; study the lineage of the ranking students in our universities and you will find that our libraries, art-galleries, universities, and schools often find their best patrons among the offspring of these despised races of Southern and Eastern Europe."

The transforming power of American conditions is the best testimony to the reality of her civilisation:—

"In a very few years, with our free and compulsory schools, our free libraries, and the economic opportunities which this country has to offer, these people were transformed into ambitious, self-respecting, public-spirited citizens. And so it is with the Italians and Poles, the Russian Jews, and other poor immigrants of more recent times. They are often very poor in this world's goods when they enter our gates. One sees the mothers coming in with shawls in place of hats, often without shoes or stockings, and with all their worldly belongings in a rough box or tied in a single handkerchief. But it is one of the miraculous phases of our history how quickly we are able to transform, enrich and absorb them. A few years later one sees the children of these same immigrants well dressed and ambitious, well educated, and literally undistinguishable in manners, morals or appearance from the descendants of those who came over in the "Mayflower." Such is the Aladdin-like power of the great American melting pot."

Of the million aliens entering the States each year nearly one-half leave for other countries, and the real difficulty is so to distribute the new settlers as to avoid the over-crowding of the Eastern States.

It is interesting to note that the percentage of foreign born to the total

population of the U.S.A. is only 14, and Mr. Andrew adds:—

"As compared with the population of the country the immigration of recent years has not bulked as large as the immigration of the early fifties, and if we consider only the net immigration, it makes to day an addition to the total population of the country of only a little more than one half of 1 per cent. per year.

"Nor need one fear that we are reaching the point in this country where population presses upon the means of subsistence. The number of our people will have to be multiplied sixfold to equal the density of the population of France, to be multiplied tenfold to equal that of Germany or that of Italy, and to be multiplied eighteenfold to equal that of England. If the present population of the whole United States were located in the State of Texas alone, there would still not be two-thirds as many inhabitants per square mile in that State as there are to-day in England. One must indeed, have little faith in the future of the United States who, in the face of such comparisons, believes that the population of this country as a whole is approaching the saturation point, or that from the standpoint of the country as a whole we need be terrified by the dimensions of present immigration."

A PRESIDENT'S CONSCIENCE.

Sydney Brooks contributes a character sketch of President Wilson to *The English Review* which gives the reader an opportunity of studying an unusual type of politician. The following comparison allows us to focus the President's qualities:

"Mr. Wilson entered public life with an endowment of knowledge, scholarship, and philosophy not merely rare but abnormal in American politics. He belongs, in fact, much more to the class of public men we are now becoming unaccustomed to in England rather than to the class that has hitherto pretty well dominated American affairs. He is nearer to Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, Lord Bryce, and the late Professor

Butcher than to such typically American products as Cleveland, McKinley, or Bryan. The United States has only once in her history elected to the highest office in the gift of the Republic anyone who at all resembled him as an intellectual force, and that was when she placed Thomas Jefferson in the White House."

There would seem to be no sort of link or sympathy between the President and the average Senator or Congressman, and the ordinary party boss with his "pettinesses and vulgarities, base motives and low calculations" shrivels in his presence:

"It is not that he explodes upon them, or shows any trace of moral or intel-

lectual arrogance. It is simply that there is something in him and radiating from him, the presence and emanation of a spirit always instinctively in communion with the finer things of life, that abashes men of a meaner cast. He impresses one, even an infrequent acquaintance like myself, as a man governed by a living faith in religion and by a conscience that, if it is a solace, must also be one of the trials of his Presidential career. Once convinced that he has right and justice on his side and nothing can move him; I can imagine him then proving the most stubborn of men.

"A certain want of elasticity in his moral temperament and judgments unites in him, or so at least it seems to me, with the habit of authority and the pride of conviction and the impatience of opposition inherited from his pedagogic years to form a compound not without its dangers for a statesman in this unholy world of ours. His whole Mexican policy, indeed—the problem of how such a man could act in such a way—only becomes comprehensible when the guess is hazarded that his conscience rather than his intellect dic-

tated it. It was a case where the scruples of an idealist revolted against a compromise to which a statesman of more robust or less sensitive disposition would have accommodated himself without difficulty. A good stiff conscience will sheathe a man in an ethical casing against which all arguments will helplessly blunt themselves, and will transform the clearest of thinkers into an obstinate and intractable doctrinaire; and, personally, except on the ground of conscience, I find it impossible to reconcile Mr. Wilson's diplomacy in Mexico either with his trained and comprehensive intelligence or with the decisiveness that has marked his treatment of domestic issues. He is a sombre, I have even heard him called an angular, President, who rarely relaxes into expansiveness or allows the public to catch a glimpse of the great store of winning and many-sided humanity, the abounding sense of fun, that delights his intimates. The richness and variety of his talk, the spontaneous humour that is of the very essence of his zest in life, these he keeps for his family and his friends. The mass of his countrymen have still to learn to know him."

THE POLICE.

A literary champion of the police has arisen, and in the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. F. D. Sullivan writes:—"‘Splendid force, the police,’ is the cry of every foreigner who visits this country. We Britishers make no brag of the fact, but we bow our acknowledgments of the compliment, graciously admitting that in this, as in most other matters, we are ahead of the universe in general." He says it must not be imagined that the duties of the police are as simple as they appear on the surface. A police man

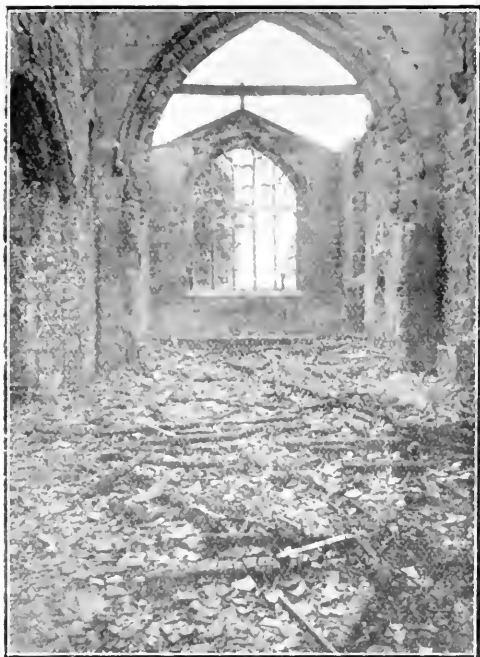
will plunge through the traffic to stop a runaway horse. He will dive into the river to rescue a would-be suicide. He will guide a little child, an old lady, or a blind man safely across the road. He will tackle a burglar or enter a blazing house. There is no danger or difficulty he is not prepared to deal with to the best of his opportunities and abilities at a moment's notice. And his reward is mainly chaff. There is little glamour about a policeman's career, but

there are many references to the size of his feet. There are also numerous legends as to his favourite diet and his fondness for cooks. Cold mutton and rabbit-pie are commonly alleged to form his most cherished menu, while his partiality for surreptitious tankards of cool ale is the foundation of many a picture-postcard libel.

Activity is cultivated by the force in many branches of athletics. For instance—

Boxing is naturally a valuable accomplishment for a policeman. So is wrestling, and ju-jitsu has been considerably encouraged. Swimming is a particularly strong feature, and one upon which the City police specially pride themselves. At the Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush a few years ago the City police also walked away with the honours in the tug-of-war, and it would be a difficult matter to find a body of men from which to select a better team.

The writer mentions a peculiarity of the police witness. He never "goes" anywhere. His method of progress is to "proceed." It is the prisoner who



[Topical.

OUTRAGES BY SUFFRAGETTES.

Breadsall Church, near Derby, was burned down by Suffragettes. Only the tower and outer walls remain. The general structure, which was erected in 1500, can, of course never be replaced.

"goes," and the wise prisoner "goes quiet."

What is considered to be a legitimate grievance of the police is thus stated:—

When important Chief Constables fall vacant applicants from their ranks are, as a rule, passed over, usually in favour of military men. The military man has no acquaintance with police methods. He may be, and doubtless is, accustomed to command, but his ideas of command necessarily differ from those in vogue amongst the practised police, whose training all tends to self-reliance.

The article is cleverly illustrated with a number of amusing thumb-nail sketches.

THE SOLVENCY OF WOMAN.

Under this heading in *The Edinburgh Review*, Martin Chaloner rebuts many of the specious statements which Sir Almoth Wright labelled "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage." Perhaps the strangest of such statements was the formal suggestion that women are insolvent, and that they should be grateful to man

WOMEN AS POLICE.

The need of appointing police-women to assist men in carrying out measures for the suppression of vice and the protection of women and girls against insult and assault in the streets of great cities is strongly urged by Mrs. F. W. Keeble in *The Englishwoman*. Mrs. Keeble speaks very highly of English police, who as a whole are the most competent and upright body of police in the world. There are, however, certain circumstances in which it is most desirable that women police should be employed, sometimes to work side by side with the men, and sometimes to undertake special departments of work relating to women and children. She points out that cases happen daily in which a woman is extremely reluctant to apply to a policeman for help where she would have no such reluctance in approaching another woman. Examples will rise to the mind of all who know the difficulties and dangers of women and young girls in any of the larger towns. Mrs. Keeble says:—

Until married women are able to become members of Watch and Public Health Committees, it will be impossible to deal satisfactorily with the administration of the laws concerning the Social Evil.

At present there is too much "suppression and punishment" of crime, and not enough attention paid to the removal of the causes of crime.

In the countries where women police are employed their work has proved of immense value as regards prevention, and fresh appointments of women are continually being made.

It is hardly necessary to say that their wages and status should be identical with that of the men.

England will do well to employ women in the police force, and thus help to cleanse the streets for the rising generation.

who "makes" the money. Against this Mr. Chaloner advances the following argument:—

It is the normal function of the husband to win or acquire the money; it is the function of the wife to spend it. It is quite as difficult to spend money well as it is to make it. There are millions of women who do it well; there are many who do it badly; there are some who do it very badly—just as there

are men who perform their manly functions ill. But whether the woman does her spending well or ill, she cannot be called insolvent while the partnership itself is solvent. A partner who is invited to join a firm is not called insolvent because he supplies no capital. To this firm the woman is always invited; she is never the postulant, though she may sometimes manoeuvre to be asked. Concern with finance belongs as much to those who manage money as to those who acquire it, and in the vast majority of cases the management of money falls to the wife, who is, as a rule, better fitted than the man to make a little go a long way. Married women cannot be called insolvent, unless by an abuse of terms.

The reasons adduced by Sir Almroth to fix the reproach of insolvency upon the unmarried woman recoil upon his own head, unless he is contemplating taking a foremost part in the propagation of confiscatory Communism.

We must all agree with the writer's contention that the ideal relation of man and woman is partnership—"a partnership as nearly equal as may be, in which each in giving way hardly knows that he or she is yielding, for the compulsion is so reasonable and right. By that partnership civilisation has been constantly advanced."

Mr. Chaloner has no illusions on the subject, and recognises that the first step for the advocates of woman suffrage is to convert a majority of women to that view, for the indifference of the Englishwoman herself is her chief obstacle. As the writer says:—

The young women are occupied with their laughter and their play, their clothes and their sweethearts. The elder women are occupied with their personal affairs—with their homes, if they are married; their daily anxieties, if they are single. Let any of our readers amuse himself in his walks abroad by guessing how many of the women he sees are likely to be much concerned about the exercise of the vote, if they had it. He will not see one in ten that is likely to care two hat-pins about it; perhaps not one in twenty. Most women regard politics as a kind of foolishness which men play at.

NEUTER WOMAN.

Kuroiwa Shuroku, in *The Japan Magazine*, attempts in somewhat fantastic fashion to offer a solution of the woman question, which apparently threatens the feudal calm of Eastern homes. The writer asserts that in Japan the "kitchen standard of wifehood is fast becoming obsolete, and many are crying out for strong wives and brave mothers," and anticipates some form of

agitation which will bring man into his due position as mate rather than his present unchallenged position as master. The writer thus outlines his suggestion:—

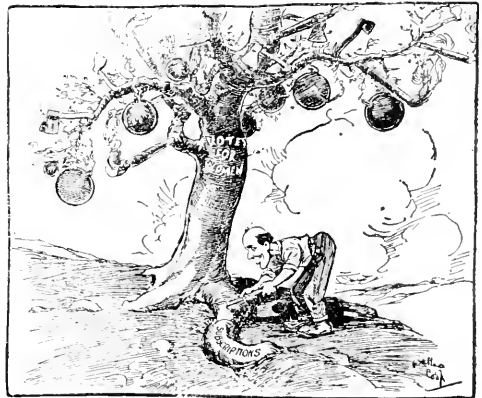
In her struggle for freedom against the domination of man, the Japanese woman has one weakness she will have to overcome before her future can be hopefully assured. She woefully lacks a capacity for that neutral attitude which she must assume toward man, if she is ever to measure swords with him successfully, and meet him at last on an equal footing. By a neutral attitude I mean the capacity to unsex herself on all occasions of competition with man.

This advice is, indeed, a hard saying, for the Japanese woman is not inclined to neutrality of this kind, for Mr. Shuroku admits that—

The very minute that in the transaction of business she comes in contact with one of the opposite sex, the Japanese woman shows that she is a woman. She is always conscious of the delicacy of her sex, and that man rules her, and that she never knows but that the man she is trying to strike a bargain with, or outdo in some transaction, may some day be her lover and husband. This sex-consciousness is much more potent in Japan than it apparently is in western lands. It is simply the virtue of modest womanliness face to face with the hard, unsentimental facts of the modern materialistic world.

This admission notwithstanding, the writer thinks that woman should say to man: "Let me free, or I will destroy the human race!"

Thus it will be seen that every woman has in her own hands a weapon no man can successfully withstand, the weapon of absolute virginity. During all the long, sad years of woman's bondage she has never seen fit



[Liverpool Courier.]

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Mr. McKenna believes that by prosecuting subscribers to the *Suffragette* funds he will deal a severe blow to the cause of militancy.

to wield this weapon as she can do if she wills, for the reformation and culture of mankind. But if she is to win the place she evidently is coming to believe herself destined to, this is the weapon she must use.

An unsympathetic strike indeed, beside which the methods of the Syndicalist seems the quintessence of sweet reasonableness.

THE VICTORS OF WATERLOO.

The passage of a century cannot stale the interest which the word "Waterloo" excites in men's hearts. There are Frenchmen, we believe, who maintain that Napoleon was not out-generalled on that fateful June day, yet the innumerable Britons who ignore Blücher's claims to honour are in degree as blind to the facts of that memorable campaign. The *Fortnightly Review* contains a most interesting examination of the parts played by "The Allied Forces at Waterloo," from the pen of the late J. W. E. Donaldson, and the reader is enabled to get a true idea of the essential support from Blücher's Prussians which enabled Wellington to avert disaster. We quote the writer's summary:

The Battle of Waterloo was won by two great soldiers working with inflexible determination for the loyal execution of a preconcerted plan. Never, perhaps, were the honours of a great victory more evenly divided. If it was the military genius of the great Englishman that conceived the plan of battle, it was no less the unswerving loyalty and indomitable energy of the fiery Prussian that crowned it with success. If we are to remember the dogged courage and unflinching resolution of Wellington and his troops on the slopes of Mont St. Jean, then must we surely call to mind the fiery determination of Blücher and his corps which enabled them to overcome all obstacles. The spectacle of the veteran Field-Marshal, by his personal example encouraging and urging forward his mud-beclogged soldiery, regardless alike of the conflagration in Wavre and of the roar of battle behind him, is one that cannot fail to command the admiration of every soldier. And, finally, it is a fact perhaps not generally known that the Prussian and British losses at Waterloo were nearly identical.

THE FINAL CHARGE.

In *The Nineteenth Century*, Major Bridges, late British Attaché at Brussels, recalls the circumstances of Napoleon's defeat by Wellington and Blücher. The writer recounts the oft-told tale in a few telling sentences:

"Who does not know the story of how those gallant little squares, like red islands girt with steel and flame upon a sea of green, held out all day against

the most impetuous attacks of the best army in Europe? How the sea of cavalry surged upon them not once but thirteen times, how cannon pounded them and musketry raked them, but they remained when the smoke cleared away as if rooted to the ground—for truly had Soult said to Napoleon that very morning, "Sire, I know the English! They will die on the ground they have taken up before they lose it!" Of how the light companies of the foot guards held the burning château of Hougomont against the furious onslaught of 12,000 infantry; of the desperate attack and defence, fall and recapture of La Haye Sainte; of the glorious charges of the Household and Union Brigades and the capture by them of 2000 of d'Erlon's infantry; of the Greys with the 92nd clinging to their stirrups, yelling "Scotland for ever!"—a sight that was too much even for the nerves of the French infantry? Of the final effort of the Emperor when it became clear that the Prussians were developing what promised to become a fatal attack on his right—the advance of 6000 French Guards, those veterans of a hundred fights, in two close columns with fronts of some seventy men—of the triumph of the line formation over the column and the charge of the thin red line of British Guards that routed them—

"A thrill must have electrified Wellington's army when at dusk, after this long-drawn-out struggle, the supreme moment arrived and it was realised that the tide had turned and the battle was won. 'The whole line will advance!' Cheers ran like summer lightning from one end of the exhausted line to the other, and the troops surged forward, a gleaming mass of bayonets and sabres."

The historic site is now threatened by the builder, and a British Committee has been formed to preserve the present features of the battlefield.

THE AMAZONS.

Lilian M. Whitehouse contributes a paper of exceptional interest on "Women in Primitive Society" to *The Sociological Review*. The survey is not confined to any one tribe or nation, and the customs referred to are as various as the conditions which influence the springs of social life. The writer is not borne down by the woes of the primitive woman, for she says:—

The authority of savage husbands over their wives is not always so great as it is said to be. Often the married woman, though in the power of her husband, enjoys a remarkable degree of independence, is treated with consideration, and exercises no small influence over him. Among the Shans of Burma a wife may turn out a husband who takes to drink or otherwise misconducts himself, and she retains all their joint property. Esprit de corps among women may help matters; among the Papuans of Port Moresby, it has been said, a man rarely beats his wife, for the other women generally make a song about it, and sing it when he appears, and the Papuan is very sensitive to ridicule.

Civilisation is not evidently an un-mixed blessing for women, whose individuality seems to have full sway in primitive society, as instanced by the

existence of the Njembe, a flourishing secret society for the women of West Africa. We quote an interesting account of women as soldiers:—

Africa yields us an instance of a rather curious function allotted to women—namely, a military one. Under the military system of Dahomey the standing army consisted of (1) a female corps known as "The King's Wives" and "Our Mothers"; (2) a male corps of palace guards, etc.; and (3) the male population of the kingdom as a sort of reserve liable to be called out. The female corps "was raised about 1720, when a body of women who had been armed and furnished with banners merely as a stratagem . . . behaved with such unexpected gallantry as to lead to a permanent corps of women being embodied." Till 1818, when Gezo began to reign, the Amazon force consisted chiefly of criminals in the Dahomey sense, faithless wives, termagants, and scolds; thenceforward every head of a family had to send his daughters for inspection, and suitable ones were selected. For many generations all the hard work had been done by women, and they were of splendid physique. The Amazons were regarded as the king's wives, and might not be touched without danger of death. They were sworn to celibacy, but the king might take any of them to wife. Gezo attributed his military conquests to the prowess of these Amazons.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

To *United Empire* Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun contributes an interesting account of her visit to the mysterious mines in Rhodesia which are thought to be the original source from whence Solomon drew his fabulous wealth. The writer's journey to the ruins of Zimbabwe was taken before the railway was built and the many elements of discomfort evidently added zest to her adventure. Mrs. Colquhoun does not support the theories of "orientation," "sacred enclosures," etc., which have been entertained by some travellers, and she is content to describe what she saw:—

"The most interesting, because the most elaborate and finished, of the Rhodesian ruins is the elliptical temple. Its pseudo-circular hall (40 ft. high) is nearly perfect, and inside is a labyrinth of passages and courtyards, and one or two covered gateways or entrances. A

certain æsthetic sense is perceptible—for instance, in a little doorway reached by a curving line of steps, the lines true and beautiful, and cunningly running into the walls on either hand. It is obvious that these ruins have been inhabited by one or more native races subsequent to the departure of their original builders, for the circular cement floors of Makalonga huts are plainly superadded. Excavation has only been partial, and much that is interesting has probably still to be revealed. So far no genuine writing has been discovered in any of the ruins, but relics of various kinds point to more than one occupation. Gold beads and rough chains, implements of flint, and pottery of doubtful date are the chief finds, but the most interesting and mysterious are the soapstone monoliths, some plain, some carved at the top into birds, and one, at all events, with a most

interesting design of a crocodile and a monkey; while another shown in one of the illustrations has a crocodile and a bird. These are found in considerable numbers and seem generally to have been placed on a height, their bases buried in the ground. They stand on the summit of the temple wall, buried in the rubble which forms its centre, pointing at different angles, and on various parts of the fortress they are also placed like signposts—weird, voiceless signposts of a forgotten past.

"Inside the elliptical walls there are two other puzzles, the conical towers, in appearance something like the ovens in which pottery is baked but filled up with rubble and earth inside. One is 45 ft. high and the other 12 ft. and a tree has grown across and somewhat damaged the smaller one. What are they? Altars to unknown gods, watch-towers, depositories for treasure, tombs of dead heroes? Vivid imaginations have raised all these hypotheses and have gone further and tried to work

them into an elaborate scheme of sun-worship in which orientation and geometrical calculation play a part somewhat inconsistent with the obvious roughness of their workmanship. For, though they are roughly round and conical, there is no mathematical accuracy about them, which would surely have been the case if their proportion or position were part of a careful scheme.

The neighbouring natives, a somewhat inferior race called the Makalonga, knew nothing of these ruins. They would not inhabit them for superstitious reasons, and they say they were "always there."

Here, then, is one of the few remaining mysteries of an age of commonplace and facts. "King Solomon's Mines" fired the imagination of most of us in our schooldays, but here, among the ruins which inspired the author of that delightful book, we feel how infinitely reality outstrips fiction in romance and interest.

AN ANCIENT PROFESSION.

The *Japanese Magazine* contains some particulars of the Masseur in Japan. It has been the prerogative of the blind for many centuries to follow this calling, which was probably introduced from China in the sixth century. The writer says:—

At the time of its origin there was a kind of Health Bureau, of which the ammahs, or massagists, were officials, and were used to promote bodily health. In the time of the great Taiko Hideyoshi we have mention of one Sonoda Michiyasu, who practised massage; and when the Japanese expedition went to Korea, one of the prisoners secured was a skilled Chinese masseur named Go Rintatsu; and his arrival in Japan was the signal for a revival of the art. One Yamase Takeichi learned the art of massage from this authority, and became a great expert in it; and so it has been transmitted from teacher to pupil down through the centuries. Some of these blind massagists have been men of exceptional character and genius, notably Sugiyama Maichi, whose ability and per-

sonality were widely known and appreciated through the Empire.

Associated with the masseur is the shampooer, who undergoes a long course of apprenticeship before he is allowed to practise, and certificates or licences are issued by the Massage Trust, which supervises the trade.

The earnings are small and the lives are hard, and in many cases pitiable, as their services can be commanded from a farthing, so that even the poorest patronise the blind practitioners, who are forced to eke out a livelihood as itinerant musicians.

There are about 60,000 shampooers and some 20,000 blind massagists in Japan, who are in demand by every class in the community—including the Emperor.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

MEXICO.

"The Elements of Mexican Intervention" are considered by Norman Angell in *War and Peace*, and the price of interference is shortly summed up as the loss to America of her own advancement. This is indeed a heavy penalty for a nation to pay for adhesion to such a fetish as the Monroe Doctrine is becoming. Here is Mr. Angell's conclusion:—

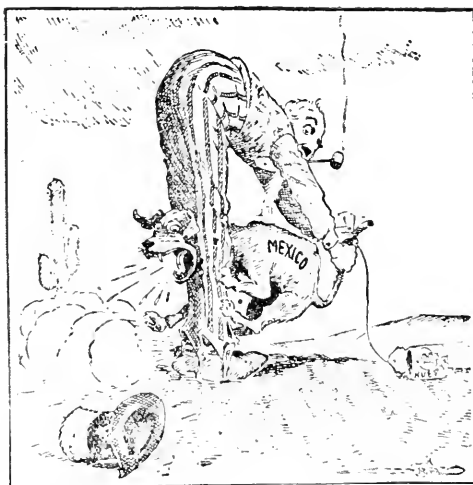
"When, after ten or fifteen or twenty years of pacification, that is to say, of guerilla chasing, the Americans have made these people, Spanish-Indian, non-American, part of their country, they will constitute a political element which will prevent the Americans from managing their own affairs. During all this time of fighting and of battle nobody will give any attention to such a humdrum thing as the welfare of the American people. You know what happens when a war is on. The papers are filled with nothing else, people talk of nothing else, nobody gives any attention to anything else. And yet really the welfare of the American nation—what it is going to do about the great problems which confront it—is a mat-

ter worth some attention. But it won't get any for the next twenty or thirty years if their philanthropy prompts them to charge themselves with settling the affairs of twenty millions of Spaniards and Indians. To the negro question, the Asiatic question, all the other racial questions that confront them, they are going to add 'The Great Greaser Question.' If the history of the European nations teaches any lesson at all, it is that all of them which have been able to wield the sword successfully have created for themselves problems, like the Irish problem, which have stood in the way of their own well-being. And now America, which might avoid this old error, seems in danger of committing it. It is possible that if they do this thing it may be good for the people of Mexico, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Venezuela; but of this we may be sure, that it will be immeasurably evil for the people of the United States."

Is war worth while?

A SKELETON ARMY.

The army of the United States makes a very poor show on paper, according to the details furnished to *The Nine-*



Tennessee.

[Nashville.

"Hold still, Doggone it. Hold still till I undo this"



Kladderadatsch. [Berlin.
AVE WILSON MEXICANI TE NON SALUTANT.

teenth Century by Sydney Brooks. The Mexican crisis has precipitated matters, and a striking force of 120,000 men is required to meet contingencies:—

"I need hardly say that the Regular Army is not prepared, and was never intended to be prepared, for warfare on this scale. Its actual strength at this moment is just under 80,000 men, of whom only about 54,000 are serving in the United States, the rest being engaged in the outlying American possessions, where few of them could be spared. Of these 54,000 about 14,000 belong to the coast and garrison artillery, and are not instantly available for foreign service. It seems doubtful, therefore, whether the United States could place as many as 45,000 Regulars in the field within six weeks of the outbreak of war. The remainder of the army of invasion would have to be raised from the State Militia, who number on paper about 120,000 but whose organisation and equipment are defective and whose military efficiency is a somewhat doubtful quantity—they are probably rather below than above the standard of our own Territorials—and

from Volunteers who would of course, be abundantly forthcoming, but who would need time to learn their business. A small Regular Army serving as the nucleus for a much larger war force of citizen soldiers is, however, part of the traditional policy of the United States in matters of military organisation, and there is not the least reason for thinking it will fail to answer such demands as may be made upon it in Mexico.

"It gives me almost a shock to reflect that during some years of residence in the United States I have hardly ever set eyes on an American Regular. Many millions of Americans after a lifetime in the country could probably say the same. On that vast continent the national Army, only 25,000 strong before the war with Spain and even now some 20 per cent. below its legal maximum of 100,000, is swallowed up, lost sight of, and forgotten. Nor is it merely its smallness that makes it inconspicuous. It is distributed on a system that removes it far from the main avenues of trade and travel. The average citizen, the average visitor, has hardly a chance of coming in contact with it, scattered as it is in some fifty posts over twenty-four different States and territories.



Plain Dealer. [Cleveland.
JONATHAN: "Yes, go ahead, boys; I'm listening."

WIT AND WISDOM.

"If we were true to the best which is in us, we could dispense with the regret that we are not more perfect." A sermon in a nutshell by the late Professor Churton Collins, and one of a hundred like sermonettes which appear in *The English Review*. These "maxims and reflections" are the ripe fruit of a mind which was keenly observant and acutely sensitive to the "slings and arrows" of modern society. We select a few at random, many of which are salted with a discriminatory cynicism:—

Religion with the majority of men is only a body of opinions having no relation to conduct and very little to principles.

No man who feels strongly and thinks intensely can ever be consistent.

Always distrust a man who assures you that he is to be trusted. No one who deserves confidence ever solicits it.

The most immoral of all professions is the law, and of this we have an interesting collateral and minor illustration in the fact that three Justices, during the last hundred years, declined peerages, because their children were illegitimate.

Place no confidence in a man who is scrupulous about ritual in religion, for he is pretty sure to be either a hypocrite or a fool.

Never trust a man who speaks well of everybody.

In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends.

Envy is the sincerest form of flattery.

If we escape punishment for our vices, why should we complain if we are not rewarded for our virtues?

If men were as unselfish as women, women would very soon become more selfish than men.

We are no more responsible for the evil thoughts which pass through our minds than a scarecrow for the birds which fly over the seed-plot he has to guard; the sole responsibility in each case is to prevent them from settling.

Success in life depends far more on energy than on wisdom.

Wise men are more dependent on fools than fools on wise men.

There is often less danger in the things we fear than in the things we desire.

Though pride is not a virtue, it is the parent of many virtues.

It is much easier to take the intellectual than the moral measure of men.

To a little mind nothing is great; to a great mind nothing is little.

Always mistrust a subordinate who never finds fault with his superior.

A RUBINSTEIN RECITAL.

In his reminiscences of his father, Leo Tolstoy, in the *Century* Count Ilya tells the following story about the great Russian's elder brother, who was famous on the Bench:—

One time, after a historic concert given by Anton Rubinstein, at which Uncle Seryózha and his daughter had been, he came to take tea with us in Weavers' Row.

My father asked him how he had liked the concert.

"Do you remember Himbut, Lyovótchka? Lieutenant Himbut, who was forester near Yásnaya? I once asked him what was the happiest moment of his life. Do you know what he answered?

"When I was in the cadet corps," he said, 'they used to take down my breeches now and again and lay me across a bench and flog me. They flogged and they flogged; when they stopped, that was the happiest moment of my life.' Well, it was only during the *entr'actes*, when Rubinstein stopped playing, that I really enjoyed myself."

A doubting book-buyer was in a London book-shop the other day, and was nearly coming away without having bought anything. Your bookseller's assistant is a dignified person, but he does not like his customers to leave empty-handed. He said, therefore, to his customer as a kind of last shot, "Here's a very interesting book by Chesterton, called 'The Flying Inn.'" "I don't care for books on aviation, thank you," said the customer, and he walked out.—*The Book Monthly*.

The pushing American grass widow had descended on London with a view to conquering society (with a large "S") by the aid of her unlimited dollars. She was immensely bucked when she was fortunate enough to find herself seated at a luncheon party on

the left of that venerable patrician, the Duke of Elstree. His Grace, unhappily, had a rooted objection to pork-proud plutocrats, and was determined to give the fair "climber" no encouragement. "Say, Duke," she chirruped, by way of opening the conversation, "I passed your mansion this morning." The Duke reflectively caressed one white whisker, and looked right through his left-hand neighbour with a glassy stare. "Thank you," he murmured, in chilly accents, "thank you very much indeed!" *Pearson's Magazine*.

When my wife and I were on our honeymoon we were advised to visit a certain ruined castle, the custodian of which was a relative of the noble owner. Having viewed the glorious old pile, I was at a loss how and in what way to offer a gratuity, bearing in mind the "blue blood" of our guide. The following conversation took place: "We thank you for your courtesy, and would be glad to give a small sum to any cause if you have a box for that purpose." "Sir," was the reply, "we have such a box." "Then may I see it?" I asked. "Sir," with a pleasant smile and a bow, "I am the box." —J. H. Brighthouse in *The Strand Magazine*.

A gentleman from town who was staying in a country village volunteered to give a lecture on Burns to the members of the local Mutual Improvement Society. Before a good audience he was warning to his subject, and was giving "The Cottar's Saturday Night" in splendid style, when an interruption came from a working man standing at the back of the hall. "What is it, my man?" asked the lecturer, breaking off. "I was wonderin' when you was gonn to give us a few 'ints." "Hints," queried the puzzled lecturer. "Yes, 'ints," growled the man at the back. "I paid threepence to come in, 'cos you was supposed to know all about burns, and there you stand saying poetry like a parrot, while my missus, who's upset at a saucepan o' bilin' water over 'er foot,

is waitin' to 'ear whether she'd best souse it in oil or shake the flour dredger over it." *The New Magazine*.

"Where's that bulldog you had last summer?" asked the motorist, as he drove into the yard. "Oh, the poor baste swallowed a tape measure," replied Mike. "an' he died, sorr." "Indeed!" exclaimed the man. "He died by inches, I suppose," he continued waggishly. "Oh, no, sorr, said Mike; 'he went around th' back o' th' house, sorr, an' died by th' yard." —*Lippincott's Magazine*.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning. "I understand," she said, "that for fifteen shillings I can insure my house for five hundred pounds in your company." "Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you five hundred pounds." "And," continued the woman, anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?" "Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam." "Oh!" and she turned to leave the office. "I thought there was a catch in it somewhere." *The Grand Magazine*.

The school inspector often gets more than he asks for. One who was examining a class that was said to consist of very dull boys thought of challenging their perceptions by confusing their answers. Asking the lads to give him a number, he got 72, which he wrote down on the blackboard as 27. No remark coming from the class, he asked for another number, and was given 48, which he wrote down as 84. No sign of intelligence was apparent and he once more asked for a number. Then arose a youth with a raucous voice who called out, "Thirty three. Nah let's see if tha can mess abahit wi' that!" —*Boys' Own Paper*.

VERSE AND SONG.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! Speak the truth in

Worthy song from earnest soul.
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty.

E. B. Browning.

APPROACH.

Aparelled in a mass of joy till now,
I knew thee not. Asleep, I see thy face
More simply. Sorrow's leisure lets me
trace

The nicer lines. Thy sealed lids, thy
brow,

Thy lasting posture, purposes avow.
In thy spent form resides a moveless
grace.

A pageant was thy life, and in its place
I find a truth to feed and to endow
My heart. Thy wonted mask of joy belied
The meaning death's bare attitude makes
clear.

From living gesture thought went often
wide.

And I was poor interpreter; but here,
Where it would seem our thoughts anew
divide,

The steady silence draws thy spirit near.
Gladys Cromwell, in the "Century."

THE TRAITORS.

Who could think that all the three
Would prove so steeped in treachery

On my breast I kept them warm,
From the cold and from the storm.

Of a sudden up they sprang,
Struck me with a viper's fang.

One was Hope. He led me far,
Like fool's-fire, where marshes are.

One was Faith. He spoke me fair,
Luring my feet into the snare.

And one was Love. He gave in fee
My thought to one who loves not me.
—Anna Glen Stoddard, in the "Century."

CONSTANCY.

There is a love that perishes; and one
That shall outlast the glory of the sun.
Be mine the steadfast love that throbs each
hour,

Nor wastes its beauty like some heedless
flower.

Be mine the quiet service through all days
Serene and well content in hidden ways,
Not that wild passion of a spendthrift June,
Wasted in ashes at Life's golden noon.

—Charles Hanson Towne, in "Munseys."

FAR MORE FAIR.

More fair than sunrise mountains
In folded veils of light,
Or trails in silver birches
Engreened and mossed from sight;

More fair than new-mown meadows
Where sliding waters flow,
Or purple clouds of thunder
Where torrents stream below:

Than rolling, southward valleys
With tasseled maize in bloom,
Or northward pines enterraced
In dark and rearing plume;
Than showery west empearling
A dewy distance gray;
Than drifted plains by starlight
Or rising moons of May:

I saw a fairer picture,
Outshining fields and skies:
I saw, one happy morning,
A child from fever rise.
I would that I were Raphael
To paint that lovely sight:
I saw him pick a daisy
With wasted fingers white.

—Sarah N. Cleghorn, in "Munseys."

THE GARDEN.

A man there was, of simple mind
Who to the Lord gave all his mind;

For naught he cared, naught craved he
But his Lord's servant for to be,

And e'en his garden plot kept fair
Because, he said, the Lord walked there.

Of this his friends made many a jest,
Yet he toiled on with a heart at rest.

The years went by—with head grown grey
Still he believed Christ passed that way.

Then came a time when he was left
Of loving wife and child bereft;

"He will doubt now," the scoffers said,
"When wife and child and love are dead."

But all their words he heeded not,
And tended still the garden plot.

At last himself lay at death's door,
To love, believe, and work no more.

His pitying friends stood by his bed,
And this is what to them he said:

"Oh, bury me not in a churchyard mound
But lay me in my garden ground;

From loving dust, it needs must be
That flowers will spring more fair to see,

And Christ will know, in my last sleep,
For Him I still the garden keep."

Gretchen Warren, in the "Atlantic
Monthly."

WE ARE ONE.

We are one, so said the preacher,
 "One until death do thee part";
 Yet I buy two railroad tickets,
 And I reckon from the start
 That I must
 Find the dust
 For two.

We are one; but there is trouble
 In the camp if I suggest
 That one opera seat is plenty,
 Or one hat and coat and vest.
 Clothes she'll buy,
 And—well, I
 Need a few.

We are one, and yet the waiter
 Brings two orders when we dine,
 What would happen if 'twere single,
 And the "better half" were mine?
 There would be
 A melee,
 That's true.

We are one; but who'll acknowledge
 That the preacher told no lie?
 Is there any one to back him?
 I'll not bet on him, Not I!
 I will swear
 We're a pair -
 That's two.

—Alice Lindsey Webb, in "Munseys."

A SERMONETTE.

Have you seen the children playing—in the
 street?
 Did you note their boots and stockings—
 and their feet?
 Grimed and festered, blue with chilblains—
 children's feet!

Have you asked them of their breakfast,
 dinner, tea?
 Bread and margarine for breakfast, dinner,
 tea?

Have you cursed that this should be allowed
 to be?

Have you seen the dens where little children
 sleep
 Foetid dens, where children cry, and scratch,
 and sleep,

Where the fleas and worse—their horrid
 vigil keep?

Have you heard a starving baby's hopeless
 cry?

Did you mark the shrunken limbs—the
 filmy eye?

Did you swear? Or did you pray that it
 might die?

Do you vow to fight the Devil—once a week,
 When on Sundays, as the fashion is, you seek
 Strength to bear you through the troubles of
 the week?

And the Devil—does he chuckle as he sees
 Little children left to cry, and starve, and
 freeze,

While we others—warm and fed—are on our
 knees?

—F. G. Layton, in "The English Review."

TOLSTOY'S DEVIL STORY.

The second instalment of Count Ilya Tolstoy's reminiscences of his father, in the *Century*, is by no means so interesting as the first. He describes at length the relations between Tolstoy and Turgéniéff, showing that just because the two great writers wished to be not mere friends, but intimates, they could never agree. He tells of the famous letter-box in which all the family dropped their various compositions. These were solemnly read out on Sunday. Tolstoy himself wrote many, and his son gives examples of some of them. For instance, he says:—

Aunt Tányá, when she was in a bad temper because the coffee-pot had been split or because she had been beaten at croquet, was in the habit of sending everyone to the devil. My father wrote the following story, "Susóitchik," about it:—

The devil, not the chief devil, but one

of the rank and file, the one charged with the management of social affairs, Susóitchik by name, was greatly perturbed on the 6th of August, 1884. From the early morning onward, people kept arriving who had been sent him by Tatyána Kuzminsky.

The first to arrive was Alexander Mikháilovitch Kuzminsky; the second was Misha Islávm; the third was Vyatcheslaf; the fourth was Seryózha Tolstoy, and last of all came old Lyoff Tolstoy, senior, accompanied by Prince Urúsof. The first visitor, Alexander Mikháilovitch, caused Susóitchik no surprise, as he often paid Susóitchik visits in obedience to the behests of his wife.

"What, has your wife sent you again?"

"Yes," replied the presiding judge of the district court, shyly, not knowing

what explanation he could give of the cause of his visit.

"You come here very often. What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing in particular; she just sent her compliments," murmured Alexander Mikháilovitch, departing from the exact truth with some effort.

"Very good, very good; come whenever you like; she is one of my best workers."

Before Susóitchik had time to show the judge out, in came all the children, laughing and jostling, and hiding one behind the other.

"What brought you here, youngsters? Did my little Tanyitchka send you? That's right; no harm in coming. Give my compliments to Tánya and tell her that I am always at her service. Come whenever you like. Old Susóitchik may be of use to you."

No sooner had the young folk made their bow than old Lyoff Tolstoy appeared with Prince Urúsof.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

Mr. C. B. Fry, in *Fry's Magazine*, refers to Mr. C. A. Pearson's former activities in the field of sport, and eloquently touches upon his loss of sight:

He accepted the blow with a smile, indeed, but also without turning a hair of his life in its essentials; he walked straight on, the same man, unscarred by the hot iron; he maintained his dash in affairs, his electric dash and quickness unabated, and transferred them to the use of fellow-sufferers, with the spring of youth in his heart, though he is no longer young, and with the keenness of a hunter though he can no longer hunt. He might have settled into a comfortable wigwam, smoked the pipe of quiet sorrow, and kept the council of a brave maimed warrior; he might have; but he has not. He has never left the trail of achievement—he has gone on in the dark, without a pause. His young men see for him, but he is with them on the trail, not sitting away by the guarded camp fire. That, I say, is a great sportsman.

Mr. Pearson was "found" by the late Sir George Newnes, became manager of *Tit-Bits* when 22. Left Sir George to found *Pearson's Weekly*, and later issued many other publications. Was the head of Pearson Ltd, for some years, but approaching blindness com-

"Aha! so it's the old boy! Many thanks to Tanyitchka. It's a long time since I have seen you, old chap. Well and hearty? And what can I do for you?"

Lyoff Tolstoy shuffled about, rather abashed.

Prince Urúsof, mindful of the etiquette of diplomatic receptions, stepped forward and explained Tolstoy's appearance by his wish to make acquaintance with Tatyána Andréyevna's oldest and most faithful friend.

"Les amis des nos amis sont nos amis."

"Ha! ha! ha! quite so!" said Susóitchik. "I must reward her for to-day's work. Be so kind, Prince, as to hand her the marks of my good-will."

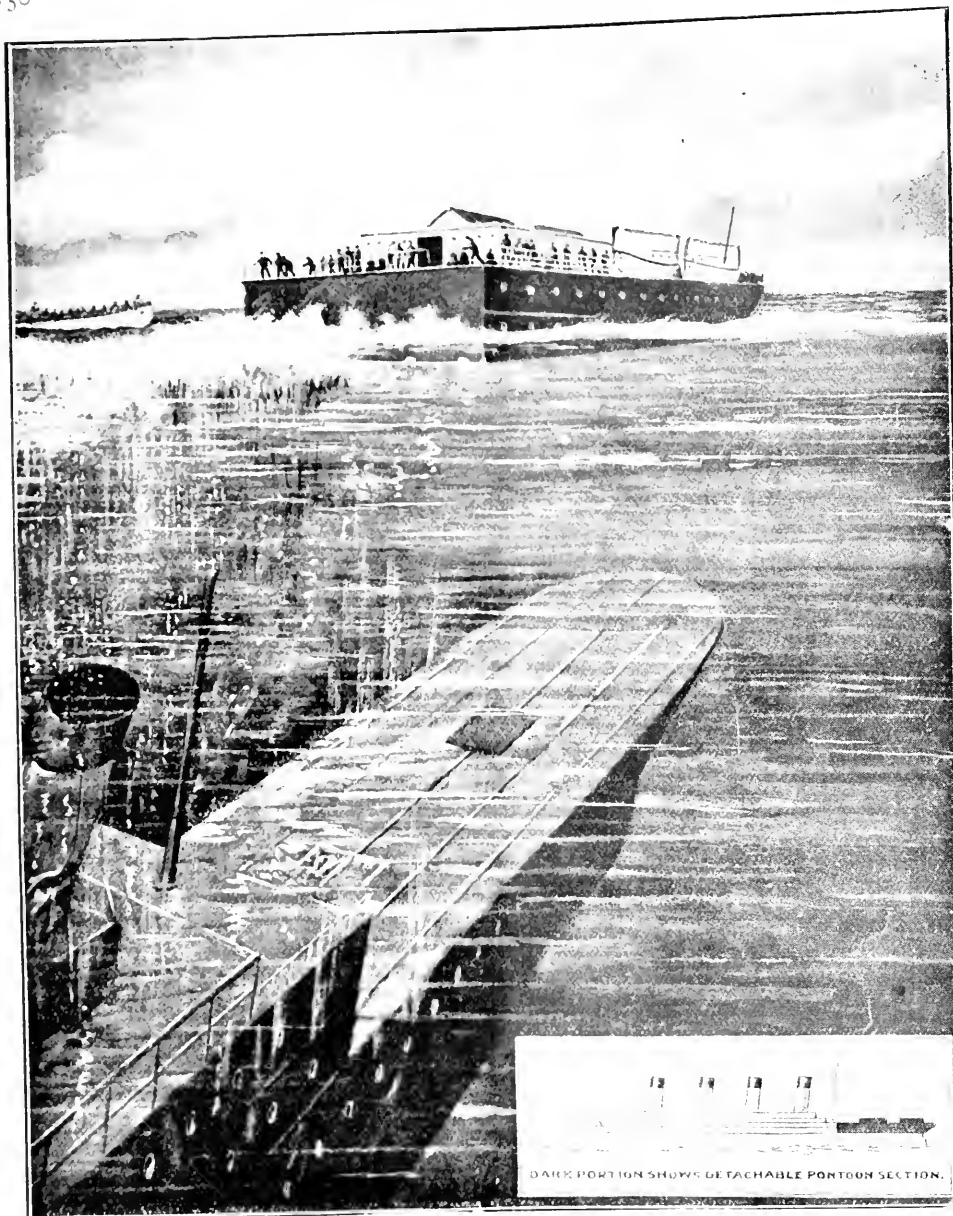
And he handed over the insignia of an order in a morocco case. The insignia consisted of a necklace of imp's tails to be worn about the throat, and two toads, one to be worn on the bosom and the other on the bustle.

pelled him to sever active connection with the firm. He has now thrown his immense energy into a gallant fight to improve the condition of the blind.

C. B. FRY ON STEAD.

In *Fry's Magazine* Mr. C. B. Fry says:—

No magazine can be a newspaper; those that try, fail. We cannot be so quick with apposite comment as a daily or weekly paper. Naturally. But comment often gains in value by a little waiting on developments, and a little calm and skilful elucidation of the case as primarily propounded. Do you remember how interesting Mr. W. T. Stead used to be in "The Review of Reviews"? He waited and inquired; and he knew how to inquire. Perhaps we shall not in our world at all equal Mr. Stead in his. It would be difficult. He was a genius in his way; and we are not. But, far short of Mr. Stead, there is much to be done in much the same style of treatment, no matter what the subject may be. We know there is room for a lesser "W. T. Stead" of sport and kindred matters. We may not produce all we hope for in this line; but we shall be none the worse for a try at it. A great man, W. T. Stead. Nevertheless, aim at the moon and you will shoot over the steeple; whereas you might aim shorter, and only break a third-floor window.



DAIKI PORTION SHOWS DETACHABLE PONTOON SECTION.

(By special arrangement with the "Illustrated London News.")
A DETACHABLE SHIP UPON A SHIP

The two tragedies of the *Titanic* and *Lusitania* have brought forth many suggestions to secure the safety of passengers. The Board of Trade has made regulations which it considers adequate. The *Empire of Ireland* met every requirement of that body. She had ample boat room to accommodate all the passengers carried. There was no shortage of lifebelts, and yet but few of the *Titanic's* boats had any chance at all of escape. The new leviathan, the *Titanic*, and the latest German ships, have a 100% ship, which will, it is claimed, make a fatal accident impossible. All the same, we remember that the *Titanic* was hailed as unsinkable and that the *Kaiser's* *Imperial* was provided with every means of saving life demanded, and more. The suggestion of the *Scientific American*, reproduced above, is much on the lines of an actual invention of Captain A. B. Holt, of Newcastle, England. This apparatus is a detachable cabin capable of holding all the passengers and crew, which floats off the ship as she sinks. A double-deck pontoon, with its deck raised at the size of wind, and be sufficient to accommodate, in an emergency, the whole of the passengers and crew of a ship of the size of the *Titanic*. Existing sea pilotes, the *Imperial*, *Lusitania*, and *Olympic* sister ships, like the *Lusitania*, the *Titanic*, the *W. B. Hall*, *Imperial*, *Verona*, and *Olympic* are not built with double skins, and to add an inner wall, as was done in the case of the *Olympic*, would be immensely costly. It would not, however, be financially prohibitive to turn the after end of these ships into a self-contained floating raft, as suggested above.

BORDERLAND REVIEWS.

THE THEOSOPHIST.

Mrs. Besant continues her paper, on "The Building of the Individual," and deals with the aspects of the Supreme Self in his relation to a Universe as seen from the standpoint of the limited Consciousness of that Universe, and tells of the preparation for the birth into Individuality—the gradual accumulation of matter into the body form over which the Spirit broods until it is ready for His abiding. When the moment comes the Spirit flashes downward in answer to the vague appeal of the body and "a man is born into the world." The paper concludes with an account of the progress upwards and onwards. This number contains a chapter translated from Count Hermann Keyserling's book, "Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen," to be published shortly, which deals with his visits to Canton, Peking, and Tokyo and gives his impressions as to the religious views of the two peoples. F. Hadland Davis writes on Sufism and explains what led up to it and to its gradual expansion over Persia. Sufism is, he says, a religion of Love, without creed or dogma, insisting only on the one thing which matters to humanity, "the sacred Oneness of Life and the inspiring and splendid truth that the Beloved and His lover are One." F. L. Woodward writes an account of the ancient building known as "The School of Pythagoras" or "The Stone House," which is situated in the gardens behind St. John's College, Cambridge, and is supposed to date back to the eleventh century. The Baroness Mellina d'Asbeck writes on "The State of Being," and K. Narayanaswami Aiyar on Professor Bergson and the Hindu Vedanta.

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE.

In "Katherine Tingley's Plea to Live the Soul-life," Claire Merton gives a report of an address delivered by Mrs. Tingley, in which the lecturer urges that "the wrongs of men demand a new order of life," and declares that "Theosophy carries a message of hope to the

discouraged, where faith, argument, preaching and prayers have failed. William E. Gates contributes an illustrated article on "Copan and its position in American History." A very interesting account is given of the recent visit of Mr. F. R. Benson and his Shakespearean Company to Point Loma, where Mr. Benson was entertained by Mrs. Tingley.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

H. Travers, in a paper entitled "Beauty and Impersonality," shows how it is the personal note in so many actions, making for good, which spoils their power. To attain harmony, which is the soul of beauty, discordant personal notes must be eliminated. It is only in this way that the life of man can be made beautiful again. Harmony can only be achieved by the subordination of personal notes and the emergence of a greater and more commanding life-force that springs, not from the personality, but from the united heart of mankind. R. W. Machell writes of the many dwellings and doorways making up lifetimes through which the souls of men must pass to gain the necessary experience for the evolution of spiritual consciousness. Kenneth Morris continues his paper on "The Drama in Wales," and discusses Celtic literature under the heading of the three qualities attributed to it by Matthew Arnold, "Titanism, the Grand Manner, and Natural Magic." Celticism that we imagined belonged to a vanished order has, Mr. Morris contends, its message for our own and for all time. H. Coryn writes on "Theosophical Concepts of Evolution," and H. T. Edge on "Alchemy." F. S. Darrow contributes an interesting article on Modern Athens, beautifully illustrated with photographs.

THE PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

An announcement is made that Lady Lewis (widow of Sir Herbert Lewis, Bart.) hopes shortly to open a Bureau of Communication between the Two Worlds, to be carried on on the lines

of Julia's Bureau. Mr. James Sharpe, the noted mathematician, endorses Miss Scatcherd's belief in the genuineness of the Crew mediums in connection with the spirit photograph of Mrs. Colley. There is a character sketch of Mr. W. H. Evans, the Welsh "mender

of souls," who has gained a name as a lecturer on psychic subjects. A report of a lecture delivered by him at the International Club is also given. W. J. Colville writes on "The Evolution of the Soul," and there are many other interesting articles.

THE SENUSSYEHs.

During recent years public opinion has shown a sporadic interest in pan-Islamic propaganda and ambitions, and in the part which the so-called Senussyehs are supposed to take in this world-wide Muslim intrigue. As a member of this Dervish organisation, Ahmed Abdallah rectifies, through *The Forum*, some of the misconceptions under which the order suffers, and gives a sketch of its founder, history, object and future:—

The "Senussyeh" order was founded in the year 1835 (the year 1250 of the Hegira) by Si Mohammad ben-Senussyeh el-Khattabi el-Hassani el-Idrissi el-Madjahiri, who was afterwards known under the shorter name of Sheykh-Senussyeh. He was born in the year 1791 (the year 1206 of the Hegira) near Mostaranein, in the douar of Thorch, the province of Ouled-Sidi-Youssef, Morocco. He belonged to the Arab tribe of the Ouled Sidi Abd-Allah ben-el-Khattabi el-Madjahiri, a tribe long established in a territory belonging to the mixed community of Hillil.

Claiming descent from the Prophet, Sheykh-Senussyeh, who showed remarkable talents at an early age, soon acquired a local reputation as a grammarian, a theological commentator, and a student of Koranic law. When thirty he went to Morocco, and in 1829 started on the pilgrimage to Mecca. Slowly he crossed North Africa, teaching his craft and proclaiming his faith. But the inhabitants of Mecca, the theologians and the politicians, would have none of him and he was finally forced to leave:—

A ripe and learned man, famous, strong mentally and physically, he returned to Africa, and there he commenced his real life-work. At al-Beida he founded a zaouia, which was destined to become the cradle of his greatness. Pupils flocked to him from all over Africa and Asia, and he wrote many books, which to-day are classics wherever Islam reigns. Rapidly his establishment grew in size and power, expanding in all directions, and so he built zaouias all over

Tripoli, Southern Tunis, Morocco, Egypt, in Arabia, R'at, R'adames, Insalah, and in the Fouat country, even in the land of the Touaregs, and the far Soudan. He gradually became the veritable sovereign of all this immense territory; even the strange negro kingdoms of mysterious Central Africa were peacefully conquered by his mukkhdems, or missionaries. Wherever he sent his emissaries they converted. Islam was expanding rapidly all over Africa, and there was never a rifle fired, never a sword drawn, never a drop of blood spilt.

El-Senussyeh died in 1859, but he built well and strongly, for nothing has changed since his death.

The doctrines which the Senussyehs preach and practise are practically identical with those of the early Sufis. They are neither innovators nor are they exactly reformers; they are not narrow-minded Muslim Presbyterians like the Wahhabis of Arabia. They preach the observance of the Covenant, the "Primitive Contract," which is the same as the lessons of the Koran and of the Sonna, cleansed of all latter-day innovations and heresies. They simply advocate a return to the Koran, to early Sufism . . . and to the "Imamat."

And there's the rub . . . in the very meaning of the word Imamat. For under it Muslim theology understands nothing less than a theocracy embracing all True Believers, a pan-Islamic theocracy; and since the establishment of the Imamat is the third great demand of the Senussyehs, pan-Islam is really their gigantic and splendid ambition. Therefore we can understand why not only the secular Governments of established Muslim dynasties, but also those European countries who have Muslim subjects, are a little nervous when they hear the name Senussyehs.

The Senussyehs have spread Islam throughout Central Africa. They are working South, and the Christian missionary has no chance against them. They simply laugh and proceed with their work. They know that Africa is for Mohammed; even the sons of those negroes whom the English and American missionaries converted are to-day embracing Islam in ever-increasing numbers.

RANDOM READINGS.

FRANCE AND HER COLONIES.

In an article in *La Revue* on "The Depopulation of France and her Colonies," Dr. Lowenthal, after giving figures to show to what a large extent the population in France is diminishing, goes on to speak very plainly of the manner in which France manages her Colonies, pointing out that owing to internal troubles she has to keep 60,000 European soldiers to guard her twenty-nine million native subjects in Africa. The cause of this unrest he maintains to be the attitude taken up by the French to the people they have conquered, treating them with mistrust and cruelty, and as inferior beings. He urges France to follow England's example and give more freedom and more equality to her Colonies, so that from being rebellious they will become loyal, and the guarding of their country for France may be safely left in their hands, thus allowing France to concentrate her forces in defence of the Motherland. The way in which something is being done in this way is indicated in an article on the black army of France, in *Lectures pour Tous*, by Alfred Guignard. He tells of the great advance made in the training of black troops by the French. Two battalions of Senegalese have been quartered in Algeria, and contrary to expectation have quickly accustomed themselves to the new climatic conditions. They are in every way a success, and will greatly aid France in her government of her African possessions. Whether they will be of use in Europe is very much open to discussion.

AUSTRIA PREPARES.

In the *Rassegna Contemporanea* we find a striking account signed Veronensis, of the extraordinary measures of defence that Austria is taking in the Trentino, that province of Alpine valleys, peopled wholly by Italians, from which she dominates the peninsula. With "incredible activity and methodical vigour" Austria, within the last ten years, has more than quadrupled her forces in this frontier province, has

built fortress after fortress, rendering every valley practically impregnable; has constructed military roads and railways, erected vast barracks and store-houses and accumulated enormous quantities of ammunition. Such preparations can only be directed against her ally, and Italian popular sentiment, always anti-Austrian, is naturally kept in a state of suspicious resentment, which reduces the Triple Alliance to little more than a diplomatic formula.

THE DECLINE OF THE HAREM.

General Izzet Fuad-Pascha has some interesting remarks, in the *Deutsche Revue*, on "Harem Life." The large harem is no longer in existence, and polygamy is on the decrease. The law allows four legitimate wives and as many concubines as can be supported. The upkeep of a large harem is very expensive, and in many cases the whole of a man's revenue was absorbed by it. The writer instances the case of his father-in-law, who had four wives and about five hundred female slaves in his harem. When he died, at forty, he left nothing, though he had inherited a fortune of two million pounds. The reason for this great expense is that each wife or concubine must have a separate retinue of servants. Since traffic in slaves has been stopped in Turkey, the keeping of a large number of women has come to a standstill. This great outlay on harems has in the past greatly hindered the development of Turkey, as it absorbed so much of the money which might have been beneficially employed in trade, which has been left to the Greeks, Armenians and Levantines to develop.

IS THE NEGRO LAZY?

The German *Arena* contains several interesting articles. W. Langheld writes on "The Negro and Labour," and says that it is always said that "There is nothing under the sun lazier than a Negro"; but it must be remembered that laziness is a very relative matter. The Negro has always worked just

enough to live in comfort. Before the coming of the white altered his ideas of comfort he could supply his needs with practically no labour, the banana tree supplying him with everything. He only works now in order to obtain those objects which he sees the white man use and which he covets. He does not work for work's sake, but simply to supply his needs, and who can blame him for that?

CHINA'S CHEAP LABOUR.

In *Lectures pour Tous* an anonymous writer describes what he considers as the real yellow peril, which is the awakening of China to the industrial possibilities of her country, with the result that the cleverness of the Chinese and the cheap labour they can employ render them very powerful competitors in the industrial war of the world. This and the fact that they are quietly settling in European and other countries in ever increasing numbers constitute what he considers a more deadly peril than that of the sword.

A FEROCIOUS FISH.

Scribner's contains a further instalment of Colonel Roosevelt's experiences in "The Brazilian Wilderness," and the account of the things seen and the things done by himself and party are as modest as the narrative of the almost forgotten Waterton, whose "Wanderings in South America" should be on every bookshelf. The Colonel made the acquaintance of a fighting fish, the piranha:—

They found a deepish pond a hundred yards or so long and thirty or forty across. It was tenanted by the small caymans and by capybaras, the largest known rodent, a huge, aquatic guinea-pig, the size of a small sheep. When a capybara was shot, and sank in the water, the piranhas at once attacked it, and had eaten half the carcass ten minutes later. But much more extraordinary was the fact that when a cayman about five feet long was wounded the piranhas attacked and tore it, and actually drove it out on the bank to face its human foes. The fish first attacked the wound; then, as the blood maddened them, they attacked all the soft parts, their terrible teeth cutting out chunks of tough hide and flesh. Evidently they did not molest either cayman or capybara while it was un-wounded; but blood excited them to frenzy. Their habits are in some ways inexplicable. We saw men frequently bathing unmolested;

but there are places where this is never safe, and in any place, if a school of the fish appear swimmers are in deadly peril, and a wounded man or beast is also in grave danger if piranhas are in the neighbourhood. Ordinarily it appears that an unwounded man is attacked only by accident—such accidents are rare; but they happen with sufficient frequency to justify much caution in entering water where piranhas abound.

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Mrs. Sarah Tooley contributes a chatty little paper to *The Sunday-at-Home* on Prince Alexander of Teck, and says that he is the kind of man to commend himself to the hard-working settlers in Canada's far North-West:—

"Prince Alexander was the first English prince to be educated at Eton, and is remembered as a thorough good fellow, without any "side." From there he went to the Military College at Sandhurst, and at twenty was gazetted second lieutenant to the 7th Hussars. A year later he joined his regiment in India. The Prince first saw active service in the Matabele campaign under Staff Officer Sir Frederick Carrington, and was mentioned in despatches and received a medal.

"Again, the Prince proved himself every inch a soldier in the Boer War. He was among the first to go out, and served with the Inniskilling Dragoons up to the surrender of Bloemfontein."

HOW FRANCE FIRST HEARD WAGNER.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Pauline Princess Metternich-Sandor tells the secret history of the first performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris in 1861.

It was in Vienna that she first became acquainted with Wagner. She was staying at her villa at the Rennweg on her way from Bohemia to Paris, when Liszt, who happened to be in Vienna at the same time, called one afternoon with Wagner. At first Wagner did not join in the conversation. When the friends were leaving, Liszt asked if they could return one evening in order to let the Princess and her husband hear part of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy. The proposal was gratefully accepted; some music-loving friends were invited, and a few days later they were all seated in the large drawing-room of the villa

waiting for what was to follow. Wagner sang and Liszt accompanied, and all were enchanted, the Princess exclaiming that such works were not for Germany alone—they belonged to the world! Shortly afterwards the Princess left Vienna for Paris; there she soon found that whenever she mentioned Wagner's name she was told that his abominable futurist music would never enter France, where they loved only pure melody. She felt furious, but could do nothing. However, her chance came at a ball at the Tuileries, for while Napoleon was talking to her, the conversation suddenly veered round to the Opera. Princess Metternich seized the opportunity to mention Wagner, and urged the necessity for giving something new instead of endless repetitions of "William Tell," "The Huguenots," and "La Favourite." The Emperor was so impressed that he at once turned to his chamberlain, who was standing near, and ordered him to have "Tannhäuser" performed at the Royal Opera House.

After many delays, the eventful day of the performance drew near. But the story of that miserable fiasco is too well known and need not be re-told. It had been decided beforehand to kill the opera. A second attempt was made to present "Tannhäuser," but the audience behaved so disgracefully that Wagner decided to withdraw his opera. The Princess concludes by commenting on the popularity of Wagner's works in Paris to-day, and on the number of French pilgrims who go to Bayreuth. *Tempora mutantur.*

HOW TO SING A SONG.

An instructive article describing the best, indeed the only, method which will enable a young singer to develop into a finished artist appears in *The Music Student*. The writer, Mr. H. Ernest Hunt, after recommending careful consideration of the words, the soul of the song and the melody, sums up by saying:—

"Live, think, feel and above all, love, and then your voice will be but the vehicle of your heart and brain, and it

will carry all the latent sympathy and love that lies in the song and which you are able to discern out and away into the world to waken echoes in responsive hearts and scatter love and sympathy wherever it may go."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF TEETOTALLERS.

Ves Mir (All the World) has a timely and suggestive article on a movement inaugurated by a certain "Brother John" to crush the drink curse in Russia. "Brother John" is the founder and spiritual head of the Brotherhood of Teetotalers. In a quiet, out-of-the-way suburb of Moscow there is a lonely grey house where anybody who comes may find shelter and medical assistance. Material sustenance in the shape of free dinners is refused to no one. Only one condition is imposed on the suppliant—a total abstinence from all spirituous liquors and a moral and industrious life. "Brother John" is a living example to all. No work is too mean for him. He visits the poor, doctors the sick, teaches the children and reads the Bible to the infirm and aged. There are similar brotherhoods in Russia, the natural and inevitable reaction against the racking "drunken sickness." The promoters come from the ranks of the people, in many cases they themselves are reformed drunkards and understand the disease and the psychology of the people. While specially appointed committees lose time and money in vain discussions as to the methods of propaganda these simple workers do good and effective work in their own quiet, unobtrusive way. Their success in Russia has been phenomenal from the start, and every day brings thousands of proselytes to swell the influence of the brotherhoods. In fact, the preference of the people for the ministrations of men like "Brother John" to the perfunctory prayers of the "batyushkas"—i.e., priests—has spread a nervous feeling among the Russian clergy. The result is a fierce campaign against the brotherhoods by the Holy Synod and the Church officials, who declare them "illegal."

HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns

Naturally no cartoon on the present crisis in Europe has yet reached Australia. "Der Wahre Jacob" indicates in "the end of the song" that affairs in Albania must lead to another Balkan war—a possibility swallowed up in the greater catastrophe which now threatens. The sketch shows Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria and Turkey watching the fighting in Albania, and finally taking a hand in it themselves. "Mucha," a Polish paper, published in Warsaw, evidently thinks that England is all powerful in Holland. English papers just to hand take a very different view, and appear to consider

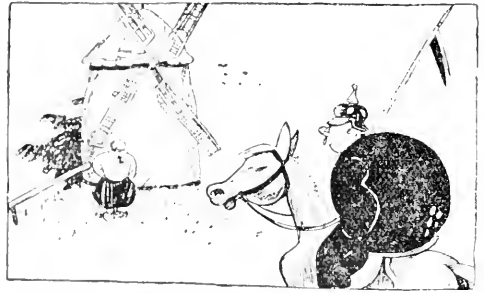
that recent Dutch fortifications are the result of German suggestion. The same paper also concerns itself with the future of Albania, holding that the real struggle there is between Italy and Austria, not between Mahommedans and Christians, as is generally supposed. Never was there a better example of the fact that Britain's power is due to her "splendid isolation" than that given by the present crisis. Despite the constantly expressed wish of France and Russia that she shall throw in her lot definitely with them, England has steadily refused to be party to any alliance which



IN NORTH ALBANIA.



IN SOUTH ALBANIA.



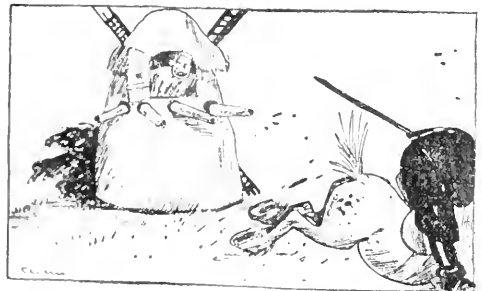
GERMANY: "This Holland will suit me very well."



Der Wahre Jacob.]

[Stuttgart

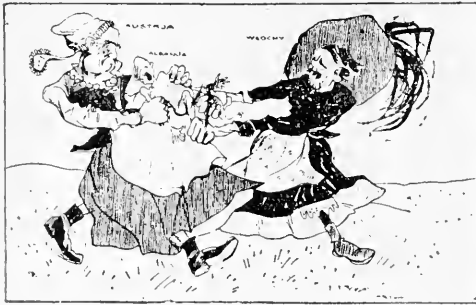
THE END OF THE SONG.



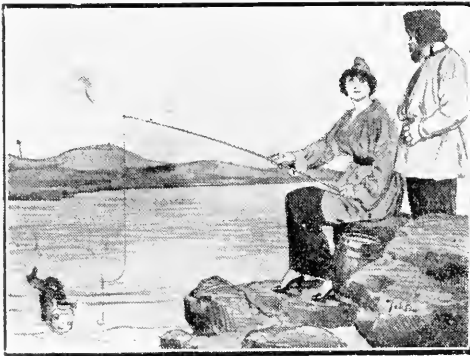
Mucha.]

[Warsaw.

ENGLAND: "But I am already in possession."



Mucha. [Warsaw.
AUSTRIA AND ITALY STRUGGLING FOR THE
CHILD ALBANIA.



De Amsterdamer.]
FRANCE AND ENGLAND.
MARIANNE: "Ivan, he (John Bull) won't bite!
He just keeps dodging round it!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.
AN INOPPORTUNE QUESTION.
MARIANNE: "What about getting married? We
have been engaged long enough."



Le Rire.] [Paris.
PRESENTATION.
POINCARÉ: "Our Minister of Marine, Dr. Gau-
thier."
SIR GREY: "Bravo! an excellent choice; your
Marine is so ill."

might drag her into a European war. Standing as she does, apart, and isolated by the sea, she can exercise influence, which, were she a member of a binding alliance, would be impossible. Both "Kladderadatsch" of Berlin, and the Dutch "Amsterdamer", indicate the chagrin of the two allies in not being able to "land" England. "Le Rire," though a French paper, never hesitates to somewhat cruelly caricature political leaders in France. These come and go so frequently that it is small wonder little respect is shown for them during their temporary occupancy of an office, about which they know nothing. Many of the cartoonists deal with the general question of war and peace. As usual "Simplicissimus" hits the plumb centre, and shows that war, at one time waged for glory and deeds of derring do, is now entirely a matter of money, and is generally engineered by the great armament firms, who benefit enormously when nations fly to arms.



Pasquino.

[Turin.

MARS TO PEWE: "Listen, little one, I am off to America, and shall hurry up that business; meanwhile, you must remain here if you can—at peace."

European artists naturally treat Mexican affairs from a very different point of view from their confrères in America. "Lustige Blätter" suggests that the Constitutionalists have all along been egged on by the liberal use of American money. The Dutch view has evidently been that the rebels would make common cause with Huerta against Uncle Sam, but the wily Carranza is no fool. We have not previously seen a cartoon on the lines of that in "Kladderadatsch," which suggests that Japan is waiting to gather in the spoils. Despite the efforts of the militarists, backed up, of course, most strenuously by the international armament firms, there appears to be every prospect that the three years' service in France would have to be abandoned, so unpopular was it. The tremendous scare now making Europe tremble will be sure to carry the day



Simplicissimus.

[Munich.

THE OLD AND THE NEW WAR GOD.

for the three year advocates, no matter what the outcome of the dangerous situation. The trouble in Colorado, about which we published an article



Simplicissimus.

[Munich.

THE TSAR OF PEACE.

DEATH: "I am delighted with you. You are turning out to be the fiercest of the lot."



Lustige Blätter. [Berlin.
SATURDAY EVENING ON THE FIELD OF
BATTLE.

"Here, General, is your pay: 2000 dead at 100 dollars, 3000 wounded at 50 dollars, with rebate of 10 per cent.—altogether 315,000 dollars."

last month, is now being widely noticed in Europe. The "Glühlichter" artist has evidently got a little mixed, as it is not Rockefeller, but Vanderbilt, who is coercing the workers. The "Minneapolis Journal" depicts John Bull's little troubles most entertainingly. Of course many English cartoonists deal with the Home Rule question. To

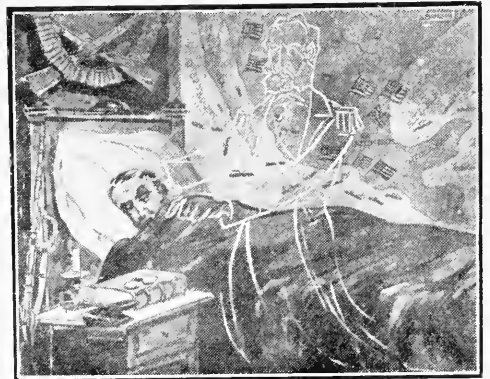


De Amsterdammer.
THE REVOLUTIONARY PARTY PROTECTS
HUERTA FROM JONATHAN.

MEXICAN REVOLUTIONARY PARTY (to U.S.A.): "Look here, if I knock my husband about, I'm not going to let you do it."



Kladderadatsch. [Berlin.
NORTH AMERICA. MEXICO-JAPAN.
THE JAPANESE TIGER (restraining his leap): "I
will remain absolutely neutral."



Mucha. [Warsaw.
A WARNING.
The Ghost of Maximilian warns President Wil-
son not to interfere in Mexico.



Wikerini. [Vienna.
HUERTA, THE MEXICAN WILLIAM TELL.
He has not paid reverence to the hat.



Les Droit le L'Homme. [Paris.
THE CONSCRIPT: "Two years' service or no portfolio."



Minneapolis Journal.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

judge from results, Mr. Cop's heart is not in his work when he must produce anti-Home Rule cartoons. Mr. Cross,

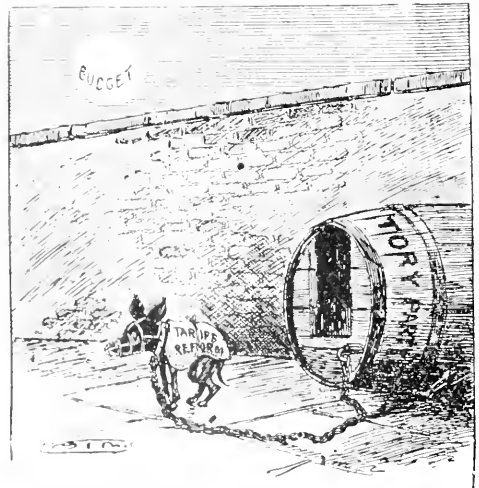
of the "Daily News," on the other hand, has produced some excellent caricatures. Bernard Partridge gives a most excellent likeness of Lord Haldane, but yet contrives to convey a very strong suggestion of Mr. Punch



Gluklietzer. [Vienna.

COLORADO

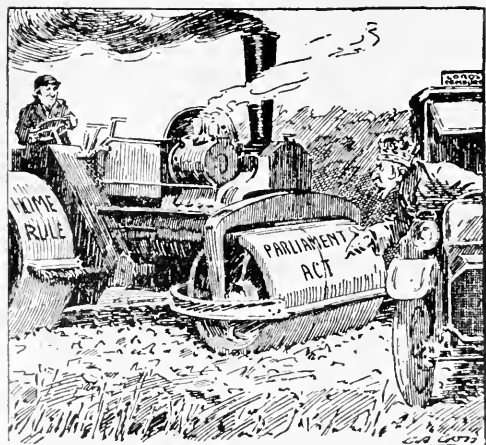
PRESIDENT WILSON: "The Honourable Mr. Rockefeller has already used the rifle, now I will take it from him; but I must conceal my admiration for him."



Daily News and Leader.

THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

"The Tariff Reform dog is still chained to its lonely kennel, and is not even allowed to bark."
Mr. 11 yd George, in the House of Commons.



Daily News and Leader.]

"Under our new parliamentary machinery the steam-roller moves forward, and the Bill becomes law, whether we like it or not."—Lord Lansdowne, in the House of Lords.



Daily News and Leader.]

THE STOPPED ROAD.



Punch.]

[London.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

LORD HALDANE: "Grossly illegal and utterly unconstitutional"—as I said the other day at Oxford; but to the heart of an ex War-Lord, how beautiful!"



Minneapolis Journal.]

THE ENGLISH BOGEY.

UNCLE SAM: "Hello, back again, old chap!"



[*Liverpool Courier.*]

THE GUIDING HAND.

THE DOCLIF STIED: "These things are growing thick and fast while he sleeps."

Mr. Asquith dallies with his proposals for amending the Home Rule Bill, while Ireland fills in the time arming.

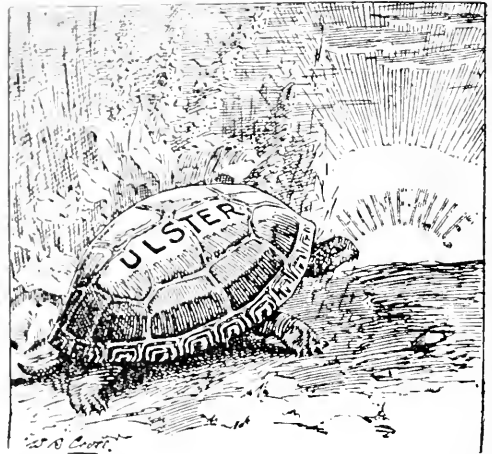


[*Liverpool Courier.*]

ANOTHER ULSTER PROBLEM EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY.

FIRST ULSTER VOLUNTIER: *readings*: "America at war with Mexico. Spashul illustrashuns."

SECOND ULSTER VOLUNTIER: "Hell in sow! mon! but that's bad news. What'll we do it all the photygraffers go out you?"



[*Daily News and Leader.*]

SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

sionally we find reference to it, and reproduce a clever sketch by Mr. Cross. Militancy has undoubtedly put back the granting of women suffrage for many years. Militants have gone too far, but no unbiased thinker can pretend to ignore the fact that in its earlier stages the militant movement did an immense amount of good in drawing attention to the demand for the vote. The pity is that instead of waiting to see whether their efforts would bear fruit, the militants hastened on from outrage to outrage, until they alienated many of their best friends in the House and in the country.



NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE QUEEN OF ALBANIA.

By BERTRAM CHRISTIAN.

The Struggle for Scutari. By M. E. Durham. (Arnold. 14/- net.)

Miss Durham's travels in the highlands of Albania, which she has recorded in an earlier book, were sufficiently remarkable. To have returned to the country and practically lived there for three years of acute crisis and disturbance is a still more notable achievement, involving considerable sacrifice of personal convenience, but also a great reward in the devotion of a people who are generous in their admiration and particularly loyal after their accepted traditions—in their friendship. The Albanians have long called Miss Durham the "Queen" of their country, and it is easy to understand how she has won the hearts of a nation of fighters. It is impossible to read more than a few pages of her new book without realising that in each of her very various vocations, as relief agent, nurse, diplomatist, and traveller at large, she is at heart always the happy warrior. During her recent residence, in which she has wandered continually about the lawless hills and valleys, where life is held on a short purchase, and taken more than an ordinary share of heterogeneous risks, especially throughout the fierce contest between Albania and the Montenegrins, she never carried arms. But she amply makes up for it by the uncommon vigour with which she now wields a weapon mightier than the sword in defence of her chosen friends and to the discomfiture of their opponents.

AN ATTRACTIVE RACE.

It is equally easy to understand how the Albanians have inspired both sympathy and affection in one who has lived among them on terms of such peculiar intimacy as Miss Durham. They are undoubtedly the most attractive of the Balkan races. Any Western traveller is at once conscious that even

the cavasses at the Constantinople Embassies are distinctly "European," and so far akin to himself in a way that the Slav races of the peninsula, and the Greeks with their strong strain of Byzantium, are not. In our own times they have escaped alike humiliating servitude to the Turk, and, thanks to the seclusive policy of Abdul Hamid, the demoralising effects of contact with the outside world. They have preserved their ancient highland virtues of hospitality and a proud independence, and, if they have done so to some extent at the expense of less fortunate neighbours, that does not render their slightly superficial chivalry less engaging. Where a Bulgarian magnate often remains a peasant, an Albanian scallywag seldom loses his indefinable air of breeding.

The same thing is true of the Montenegrins, who, though they are racially closer to the Serbs, are equally highlanders. But if Miss Durham's account of the deterioration of the secular virtues of the Black Mountain, celebrated by Gladstone and Tennyson, is true, it must be remembered that for thirty years Montenegro has been entangled in the European system with very inadequate resources, and that a primitive civilisation dragged into the vortex of Balkan diplomacy is likely to decay much more rapidly than it can be replaced by a national morality better fitted for its surroundings. In this book Miss Durham charges the Montenegrins with peculation, corruption, gross cruelty, and in particular with mutilating their enemies in war. It is to be feared that there is good foundation for each of these charges against individuals, and in addition that both houses and villages in Albania have been devastated on a great scale by Montenegrins and Serbs alike. So far as it is possible to draw up an indict-

ment against a whole nation, the author has certainly done it, but she omits too many considerations which are not merely germane but indispensable to a critical survey of the evidence to secure a verdict entirely without reservations.

BARBARITY IN THE BALKANS.

The burning of homesteads in a guerilla war is not, unfortunately, confined to the East of Europe. Barbarity in warfare is a tradition, inherited from the Turks, of which the Balkans have not yet shaken themselves wholly free. And the Albanians, who have terrorised Macedonia for generations, hardly come into court with clean hands. It is doubtful whether it is worth while at the outset of a new era to pursue the endeavour to assess the balance of criminality in a case where the standards are certainly not ours, and are indeed very obviously in transition. It is probably true that the frontiers of Albania have not been drawn so as to avoid either complexity or injustice. The question is whether

in a country where racial interests are not demarcated by continuous lines, but survive in patches, any conceivable frontier would be free from either defect. The Albanian case, as Miss Durham presents it, is a very strong one. She does not make it more powerful by refusing to recognise that there is any other. But it should be added that, when she is not insisting upon it, her brilliantly vivid book offers the most varied and often amusing reading. It is full of the characteristic vitality which has distinguished Miss Durham's work from the first; there are constant flashes of unconventionality which amount to genius, and the strength of her convictions is admirably paired with the directness and force of her writing, and with the easy and occasionally grim humour of her own illustrations. It might be well to redress the bias of this narrative by the more impartial views of other observers at longer range. But there is no fear that any of these will rival it in authenticity.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte. By F. Cellier and C. Bridgman. (12 6 net. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons Ltd.)

The authors of the present book have given us a volume which will bring back many pleasant memories to the older generation of playgoers. There has never been anything on the English operatic stage to approach in delightful wit and melody the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and one is glad to have a book reminding one of them from an author so intimately connected with the Savoy Theatre as Mr. F. Cellier, musical director during some of its greatest days. Some readers, perhaps, will complain that there is too much repetition of casts and plots in these chapters, but there are also entertaining stories scattered here and there through the book.

We are reminded that Gilbert used to boast that he did not know a note of music, and that he could not distinguish "God Save the King" from "Rule Britannia"; but the authors suggest that this was one of his jokes. Sul-

livan, we are told, was very exacting as regards the rendering of his music, and an instance is quoted of his sarcasm in the case of an inexperienced singer:—

There were occasions when a singer would, with full assurance of his own perfection, give forth some song hardly recognisable by the composer, whereupon Sullivan would humorously commend the singer on his capital tune, and then he would add: "and now, my friend, might I trouble you to try mine?"

We fancy we have heard before the story which Gilbert used to tell of his first night nervousness on the occasion of the production of "Gretchen" at the Olympic Theatre in 1879:—

Suffering from a sudden attack of nervous debility, as he turned on, the author felt it impossible to remain within the theatre. Accordingly, he spent the evening patrolling up and down the Strand, wandering through Covent Garden and Drury Lane. He continued his peregrinations until he thought it was about time to return to the Olympic to take his call before the curtain. Arriving at the theatre, he discovered the last fragments of the audience dispersing from the doors. Whereupon he addressed an outside official to whom he was unknown. "Is the play over?" he timidly inquired. "Over!" exclaimed the man, "I should rather say it

was over—over and done for. Never see'd such a frost in all my born days."

There is an amusing story of an experience of Sir Arthur Sullivan's as he one night listened to "The Gondoliers":—

One evening Sir Arthur Sullivan, whilst watching the performance for a few minutes from the back of the dress circle, thoughtlessly, or "in contemplative fashion," commenced humming the melody of the song then being given, whereat a sensitive old gentleman—a musical enthusiast—turned angrily to the composer and said, "Look here, sir, I paid my money to hear Sullivan's music—not yours." Sullivan used often to repeat this tale against himself, candidly confessing that he well deserved the rebuke.

Interesting, too, is the story told of Sir Arthur Sullivan's agonised attempt to invent the music for Mr. Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar":—

One day I happened to meet Sullivan coming from rehearsal. He was looking worn and worried. I anxiously inquired the cause of his dejection. "My dear fellow,"

he replied, "how would you feel if, whilst you were in the throes of rehearsing an opera, you were called upon to set 'The Absent-minded Beggar' for charity? That's my trouble! All day long my thoughts, and at nights my dreams, are haunted by the vision of a host of demon-creditors pursuing me with the cry, 'Pay—Pay—Pay.' It puzzled me to compose Gilbert's 'I have a song to sing O,' but that was child's play compared to the setting of Kipling's lines. If it wasn't for Charity's sake, I could never have undertaken the task."

Gilbert's insuppressible habit of punning is the subject of a story relating to the visit of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Seventh, to the Savoy on a night when lights unexpectedly went out:—

Gilbert, having inquired into the cause of the breakdown, was informed by the engineer in charge that it was "the bearin's ad got 'eated"; whereupon Gilbert propounded a riddle: "Why," he added, "is the electric light like one of my old sows?" "Because they both 'eats their own bearin's."

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

The Quick and the Dead. By Edwin Pugh. (Chapman and Hall. 3 6.)

Mr. Pugh is a man of extraordinary powers, and has produced books of extraordinary merit and distinction. One would never be surprised to find him producing something even better; indeed, one is always rather surprised that he does not. He has force, insight, sympathy and wit; but he has also a terrible leaning towards melodrama. It is this last which lets one down over and over again just when one is counting on a really fine artistic effect. In "The Quick and the Dead" it is as bad as I have ever known it. Not that it detracts from the interest of the story; for many readers, I dare say, it adds to that. And the power of the melodrama is beyond dispute. The horrible coarse characters, the horrible incredible incidents, the horrible unreal atmosphere, possess and depress one. Mr. Pugh has given me (if it is any satisfaction to him to know it) as miserable a time as I ever want to spend. Many people love that kind of misery.

Jenifer Pattenden (she has no claim to that surname really, for she is anything but a wise child, and she certainly

doesn't know her own father, and nobody else knows him, either), simply fails to convince. Is one meant to like her? She behaves with a perfectly appalling cruelty and vulgarity. Is one meant to dislike her? But she is supposed to be winning and attractive. There are contradictions in nature, doubtless; but nature reconciles them and Mr. Pugh does not. Jenifer gets engaged to a stalwart young engineer, not because she loves him (though she comes to do that), but because she is afraid of herself and of the unholy attraction of a musician. Such a musician! When he played, "the sky was aflame with golden and purple clouds, that massed against the quivering, shimmering blue; and in that vast field of deepest, purest azure, the silver sickle of the moon floated on a spray of angel's feathers"—and so forth, for awhile; but soon horror preponderates. In short, he makes you feel what he wills. "Such playing," says Roger, the hero, "is not fit for the ears of decent folk."

A storm casts up Theodore Taskover, by a coincidence Roger's life-long friend, into Jenifer's very hands; so

she flirts with him. He is drawn as a very unprepossessing object; he has "loose, coarse lips" and "a lurking grin," and is altogether odious, but he has the strange, compelling force of personality. Roger takes him for a walk in a mist, and in pardonable exasperation knocks him over the cliff. I gather that he means only to give him a good hard knock, but what he actually gives him is death. And, ironically enough, Taskover has made Roger his literary executor. Roger won't publish most of the stuff so entrusted to him, because he considers it corrupting and degrading. He ultimately burns

the bulk of it, and this is the occasion of a violent quarrel with Jenifer—one of many. She persuades herself that she loved the dead Taskover, and she allows herself to be seduced from her husband by the living musician whose playing is not fit for the ears of decent folk; and the musician's mistress (who *was* Roger's years before) puts poison in the port which Jenifer and the musician consume. So there you are. It is all very gloomy and ghastly, but Mr. Pugh too often writes round and round his characters instead of getting inside them.

SHORT STORIES.

The Cost of Wings. By Richard Denan. (Stokes.)

Barbara and Company. By W. E. Norris. (Constable. 3/6.)

Heroines and Others. By St. John Lucas. (Blackwood. 3/6.)

Richard Denan's volume of short stories is of unusual interest. The title story, "The Cost of Wings," is the tale of an aviator who hesitates between his ambition to pilot the air and his wife's concern for his safety. "The Delusion of Mrs. Donohoe" and "A Fat Girl's Love Story" are capital stories. Those that seem imitative in particular of Kipling—are least successful, but altogether the collection is a very good one.

This new book of Mr. Norris's is a rather pathetic series of tales which are strung together only by the character of Barbara and her elderly bachelor nephew. Some of the tales show a little of the old skill which is Mr. Norris's; but in most of them we feel that his interest in his characters is scarcely enough for him to persuade the reader to share it. Barbara is a delicious person who is never happy unless she is playing the good fairy to someone or other, preferably to a pair of lovers. Gilbert Pole, her nephew, plays the part of critic, and incidentally has given this history to the world. Of all the episodes in the book, we like best the frankly melodramatic one concerning the young woman whom Barbara adopts. Her career, up to her departure for the Continent and her sub-

sequent reappearance as a dancer is told with skill and that gentle "man-of-the-world" kindness which is so characteristic of Mr. Norris. After this, the best thing is the tale of the return of the wicked uncle. Here Mr. Norris's restraint serves him in good stead; neither the humour nor the pathos of this sketch of the gentlemanly wastrel is in the least forced; and, after reading much over-exuberant literature, the quiet, deliberate certainty of this older method seems a very enviable thing.

Not many English writers take to the difficult form of the short story so naturally, with so little appearance of effort, as Mr. St. John Lucas. He has to quite a remarkable degree the power of saying very little and at the same time suggesting a great deal; of taking the reader into partnership by exciting his imagination and stirring his curiosity, and then leaving him, in the role of a tacit collaborator, to make what substance he can out of shadow.

In his latest book, "Heroines and Others," there are some characteristic examples of his method. These heroines are for the most part meek and pathetic personages of thwarted desires and great unselfishness, the kind of women who seem born to be used and then brushed aside by the self-seeking, energetic people about them. Mr. Lucas has an eye to see the glimmering fires lying deep in gentle, loyal natures, and how fiercely and desperately they will

burn on occasion. He writes as a spectator, sympathetic yet not over-subtle, to whom the culmination of the tragedies at which he assists comes rather as a surprise. Thus the reader enjoys a series of personal discovery in character as the stories unfold themselves. Here are all the indications of character, the foreshadowings of personality, that tumble red-hot out of events, ready to be hammered into shape by an intelligence already agreeably stimulated and entertained.

In reading these stories one is brought into relation with the characters much

in the same way as though one were sitting in a theatre, watching a play performed in dumb show. They are told in the first person, as it were, by a fellow spectator, of people who are of equal but of no more concern to the writer than they are to us; we are left to divine their motives from their actions; to see them, in fact, as people who have become known to us in a personal and intimate way after a rapid, almost casual introduction. Mr. Lucas has an excellent narrative style and a strong sense of humour, and his book makes very agreeable reading.

TIME AND CHARLES DICKENS.

The Universal Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens. 22 volumes. (Chapman and Hall. 3/6 each.)

Charles Dickens. Extra Number of "Bookman." (Hodder and Stoughton. 5/- net.)

As the nineteenth century recedes into history its literary landscape undergoes the changes which time, like distance, always effects. Some of the peaks which seemed so high while we were still under their shadows have diminished in relative importance, and others which were held of less magnitude are seen to grow as that "huge peak, black and huge, grew on the vision of Wordsworth. The transposition that has taken place in regard to Tennyson and Browning is the most conspicuous instance of this readjustment of values. But there are some reputations that seem unaffected by time. The Sinaitic thunders of Carlyle still sound as formidable in our ears as they did in the ears of his contemporaries, and the magic of Dickens still holds the world in fee. Fashions come and go. Realism follows romance and futurism follows realism, and every decade brings a new dispensation which is to quench all that has gone before. But there is one thing it never quenches. It never quenches the thirst for Dickens. He remains through all the most constant and intimate influ-

ence that the nineteenth century has bequeathed to us. Nearly fifty years have passed since he laid down his pen for the last time, but he dominates the world of books as masterfully as ever.

THE MOST FAMILIAR AUTHOR.

If we are not reading him, we are trying the case of Edwin Drood, or going to Dickens recitals or founding Dickens fellowships. No author is so familiar on our lips or so present to our minds. His works pour from the press in a ceaseless stream, and the literature that gathers about his personality assumes the proportions of a library in itself. Here in one week there comes a new edition from the publishing house associated for ever with his name, and a delightful special issue of the "Bookman" devoted to his memory. The Universal edition has everything that one demands, all the delightful pictures that have become a part of our intellectual outfit and all the jolly prefaces in which Dickens used to tell us about his offspring. And in the "Bookman" issue there is an album of Dickens photographs, illustrations, caricatures, etc., an anthology of his praise and new appreciations of the inexhaustible theme from Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Chesterton, and others.

This vitality of Dickens triumphs over the imperfections of his art. Com-

pared with the art of Balzac or Tourgenieff, he is a boisterous amateur. The blots on his sun are monstrous and flagrant. The violence of his methods borders on delirium. His sentiment is overcharged and often false, his tears are of the stage, his characters seen often little more than wonderful marionettes gaudily painted, who utter the same phrases and use the same motions through five hundred pages. All these limitations and many others have been scourged by the polite critics from Taine onwards for three-quarters of a century, and at the end of it all the sun of Dickens flames in our firmament only less indisputably than that of Shakespeare.

And the reason is obvious. We can no more dispose of Dickens by the niceties of criticism than we can belittle the sun by dwelling upon its spots. He is not to be dismissed as an artist: he is the creator of a world of which he has made us freemen. He has added an empire to the mind that seems more indestructible, more intense, more feverishly alive than the world of facts in which we move. The faces of those whom we have known and loved may grow vague and indistinct in the memory and the haunts of long ago may fade into dreamland; but the inside of Peggotty's cottage is as vivid as on the day it burst upon our childish vision, the incidents of the journey along the Dover road when we fled with David Copperfield in quest of Aunt Betsy have the breathlessness of an adventure that never ends, the clatter of the stage-coach that bears us with Tom Pinch to London sounds immortally in our ears. Micawber and Barkis, Pecksniff and Mark Tapley, Sam Weller and Uriah Heap, Bob Sawyer, the Marchioness, Bunsby, Mr. F's aunt—we know them all with an intimacy compared with which the contacts of life seem fleeting and phantasmal.

THE JOY OF DICKENS.

And in this realm where everything is so fantastically real, where the very houses and the chairs and the tables

become furiously personal, where the wind is a boisterous giant and the leaves that dance before it are instinct with passion and purpose, where the very knocker on the door is a magician that we love, and where, with all its frenzied motion, we are so astonishingly at home—in this realm the spirit of joy reigns as it reigns nowhere else in the world of fact or of fiction. It is not only ecstatic, but static, fixed and everlasting. This joy of Dickens, as Mr. Chesterton says in the "Bookman" issue, is something much deeper and more real than any question of plot and conclusion. "If *Pickwick* had been drowned when he fell through the ice, if Mr. Dick Swiveller had never recovered from the fever, if Sam Weller had committed suicide from religious difficulties, if Florence Dombey had been murdered (most justly murdered) by Captain Cuttle, the stories would still be the happiest stories in the world. For their happiness is a state of the soul; a state in which our natures are full of the wine of an ancient youth, in which banquets last for ever, and roads lead everywhere, where all things are under the exuberant leadership of faith, hope and charity, the three gayest of the virtues."

That is finely and truly said, and it gives us the secret of the dominion of Dickens over us. In his magic world we find the treasure that eludes us in life—the treasure of a triumphant joy that is superior to circumstance and misfortune, and springs from a universal love of mankind. No one can go into that world without catching something of Dickens' infectious gaiety and good will, something of his rapturous humanity and friendliness. We love him as we love the sunshine, for the generous warmth with which he floods the atmosphere, and the glorious inclusiveness of his sympathies. For if he is vulgar it is, again, as the sunshine is vulgar—because he is common to us all. He is the supreme voice of democracy, for more than any other writer in our annals he has spoken from the heart of the general humanity.

TWO NOTABLE AUSTRALIAN PUBLICATIONS.

We have come to look forward eagerly each year for Mr. G. H. Knibbs' official Year Book, as we know we will always find it a storehouse of valuable and up-to-date information on all matters relating to Australia. Not only are its pages crowded with meaty matter, but it is so splendidly arranged that it gives up its contents without causing the searcher any difficulty whatever. Its tables of comparisons, its special diagrams, its statistics, are models in the art of lucid presentation. In addition to what may be called the reference-book sections there are each year some new articles dealing with matters somewhat outside the beat, probably, indeed, outside the knowledge, of the average statistician. Mr. Knibbs is not an average statistician, he is far more than that. In fact, knowing something of the high reputation he has won for himself in the higher branches of statistical research, and the international reputation which is his, we feel that the mechanical production of such a year book must prove very irksome to his alert mind. He is so much the explorer that to be tied to ordinary abstract work must cause him considerable worry; for all that he manages to give us what is universally regarded the world over as the finest year book published, one on which many others have been modelled.

Amongst this year's new features of interest may be mentioned an article on the salient features in the Geographical History of Australia, with special reference to changes of climate. The section dealing with Labour and Industrial Statistics, a subject on which special and organised investigation has been carried out by the Bureau of Census and Statistics for the last two years, has been considerably expanded, and new and valuable tables have been introduced. The chapter on Local Government has been remodelled, and a more ready comparison may now be made of the various municipal functions in the several States. In the section dealing with miscellaneous matters the official reports of the Inter-State

Conferences which were held early in 1914 have been included. Other reference volumes we may manage to get along without, but no one who wishes to be *au fait* with the development of his country can afford not to have it on his shelves.

X The other notable book published here also owes a great deal to Mr. Knibbs. It is a handbook on Australia specially prepared in connection with the 84th meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science which is to be held here this month. It is edited by Mr. Knibbs and published by the Commonwealth Government, which defrays the cost. It consists of a series of articles setting forth matters which it is believed will be found of interest, and the data of which are in most cases not readily accessible to general readers abroad. Much of the material has never before been published. Altogether the book is a compendium of information on matters of vital interest to Australia, and should help to make our resources known throughout the world. A closing chapter by Mr. Knibbs covers many miscellaneous things missed from the specialised papers which precede it; this chapter is itself a liberal education. Some of the most notable thinkers in the Commonwealth pour out their store of knowledge in its pages. History is dealt with by Professor Scott, of Melbourne. Professor Baldwin Spencer, the greatest authority on the aboriginals of Australia, writes on this subject, to which he has devoted so much study. Geology is in the capable hands of Professor David and Professor Skeats, with the assistance of Messrs. Hall, Dun and Chapman. The Government Astronomer, Pietro Baracchi, writes on Astronomy and Geodesy; Mr. Hunt on Climate, and Mr. Griffith Taylor on Physical Geography. Professor Haswell, of Sydney, like Professors David and Spencer, a Fellow of the Royal Society, contributes a most interesting account of the animal life of Australia. The Agricultural Editor of the *Australasian*, Mr. Sinclair, writes

on the Pastoral and Agricultural Development of the Commonwealth Messrs Pittman and Maitland, both Government Geologists, contribute the article on Mining. Mr. Gerald Lightfoot writes upon the Manufactures and Industrial Development of Australia. Professor Anderson deals with the

Educational Policy and Development, and Professor Harrison Moore tells most lucidly about the Political systems of Australia. Thus it will be seen that this book, which will be put in the hands of every visitor, is the most thorough description of Australia yet compiled.

THE BACK OF BEYOND.

The Cradle of Mankind. By W. A. and E. T. A. Wigram. (A. & C. Black, 12/6 net.)

The Messrs. Wigram begin their account with the remark that, according to the Spaniards, it requires at least four persons to compound a salad sauce—a spendthrift should put in the oil, a miser the vinegar, a wise man the salt, and the stirring must be done by a madman. They hold the view that in a similar way it takes two people to write a book of travel; a newcomer to give the first impressions, and an old resident to reveal the true inwardness of things. It may be added that in a good salad the condiments should be so well blended that the contributions of neither should be distinguishable. Certainly in this delectable book it is not possible to tell whether the Divinity Doctor or the Travel Author is speaking. The result is delightful. The start was made from Aleppo, where the railway then ended, and thence the two travelled in "an araba," a sort of four-wheeled coster's barrow, endowed with flea-like agility by a perfect cat's-cradle of springs. It had a seat in front for the driver, and a shelf behind on which the baggage could be corded; but there were no seats for passengers, and accordingly our travellers spread their sleeping bags upon a thick litter of straw. Most of the springs and many of the spokes having been broken the fractures had been swathed in string. Finally the tarpaulin tilt which enclosed the body of the vehicle and which was ostensibly designed for shelter proved useful for fielding the cargo whenever it got skied by the jolts. Their destiny was Urfa, a possible fortnight's journey, but which actually took much longer, for the

authors did not trouble to go direct when a place of interest would mean but a short distance off the road.

Generally speaking they were well received on arrival at a place of any importance, the subject races of Turkey being disposed to welcome a European visitor, for his presence under their roof will certainly secure them from raiding, for that one night at any rate. It did more than this in Armenia, for in the village of Umbi, calling upon a small Agha, they were sitting at lunch when a party of well-armed Kurds rode up and dismounted. They were invited to join the meal, but refused. "We said farewell," say the Messrs. Wigram, "and started; but our host was not so easily satisfied, and he turned to his Kurdish visitors and asked them why they would not eat with the Englishmen. It was explained that for a certain political purpose the next caravan of foreigners passing through the place were to be murdered. The Agha suggested to them that as the Englishmen had eaten with him he would be called in question if anything happened to them, and as the Kurds were not particular as to persons he suggested that they should leave us alone and 'attend' to somebody else, which they did." But the Agha, in order to avoid any difficulty, reported that the English party had actually been killed and the British Consul in the next town was sending out coffins for their proper burial, when a man turned up opportunely who reported that he had taken tea with the Englishmen five days after their reported murder. This is only one of the numerous delightful stories given us about that Back of Beyond, that country which still remains as it was in the days of Noah.



The Wanderer's Necklace. By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell. 3/6.)

Sir H. Rider Haggard's last novel, "The Wanderer's Necklace," is built around one of his favourite themes—reincarnation. The supposed "editor" of the story recovers the memory of two previous lives—the first that of "Aar," a mighty man of the Northland called "The Wanderer"; the second, that of a later period, as "Olaf," a skald. As Olaf, he robs the tomb of his predecessor, Aar, of a bronze sword and a curious necklace of emerald beetles and pale gold shells, and in a dream he remembers a princess of Egypt who gave to her lover, Aar, half of her necklace with the prophecy that misfortune would follow the jewel unless the two strands should be united by the reincarnated lovers in the far-distant future. Olaf gives the necklace to his betrothed, Iduna the Fair, but she is not the reincarnation of the princess, and the spell of the necklace brings their romance to an end in treachery and bloodshed. Then the curtain of oblivion drops and a great gap intervenes in the story. When the narrative is resumed Olaf has become the captain of the northern guard for the Empress Irene of Byzantium. He meets Heliodore, daughter of a prince of Egypt, and finds that she wears the other strand of the necklace, which was taken from a tomb of one of her ancestors. After this climax the story declines in interest, but the ingenuity of the plot serves to carry the reader to the end of the book. The general reader has been faithful to Rider Haggard because he writes a good story, and the general reader has a perennial liking for a good story with smashing adventures and genuine thrills. The critics long ago ceased to trouble him, and his fame rests secure in the hands of his readers. It is regrettable that his great mass of published work obscures our knowledge of the man. Very few of those who enjoy his novels realise the range and extent of his activities as farmer, sportsman, and sociologist. Theodore Roosevelt writing in the "Outlook," in 1911, said: "There are few men writing English whose books on vital sociological questions are of such value as his."

The World Set Free. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 3/6.)

2010. By the Author of *The Adventures of John Johns*. (T. Werner Laurie. 3/6.)

The world-famous H. G. Wells and the less-known author of "2010" have both set out to describe to us the further experiences towards which the world is hastening. Mr. Wells only goes as far as

1056, but both show that science is absolutely to rule in future, that there is no limit to that which man can accomplish when his eyes are opened to the possibilities of radium and its allied elements. But both books are materialistic and soulless, and probably with intention. "2010" is a forecast of the perfect being which is to be evolved by science. Unfortunately, only the western half of the world attained this general perfection (which, however, did not preclude "vicious tendencies" in individuals), consequently the Eastern half under the guidance of a woman descended upon the Western, supposing it to be weaponless. The hero, Brent, succeeded in delivering his countrymen from their encroachment.

Vandover and the Brute. By Frank Norris. (Doubleday.)

Pictures the gradual descent of a man to utter degradation through constant yielding to sensuous appetite. Vandover was an ordinarily good sort of a boy—rather talented, in fact—but as he grew older he loved to be lazy—to eat, sleep and be self-indulgent. He thought he had to be amused continually and disliked being bored and worried. "He liked to have a good time." Naturally he drifted downward along the lines of least resistance. Slowly the brute developed, slowly he was dragged by dissipation into the clutches of that frightful obsession known to physicians as "lycanthropy mathesis." He became a wolf-man at periodic intervals, the victim of the beast which lived in his flesh. This unusual book was written by the late Frank Norris previous to 1895. The manuscript went through the San Francisco earthquake and fire; the signature was cut from the title sheet by an autograph hunter and the authorship of the manuscript remained unknown until the junior member of a storage firm that had charge of certain boxes of the author's effects read the manuscript and recognised the style as that of Norris. The working out of the theme is crude, in a way, but very powerful. Its realism is not always palatable, but the reader never doubts for an instant that it is truth.

Silver Sand. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder. 6/-.)

Silver Sand is the sobriquet of John Faa, king of the gypsies, rightful Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, in the time when James VI. was king. His friend the Hereditary Sheriff of Galloway had a charming niece, who fell in love with handsome John, as did also a gypsy girl. Living in such troublous times, neither business nor the course of true love ran smooth. The

characters are as vivid as ever, and it is with a feeling of deep loss that we realise that this must be the last of the pictures portrayed by the pen now laid down.

The Priceless Thing. By Maud Stephney Rawson. (Paul. 3/6.)

The plot is somewhat complicated, so that the story cannot be skipped. The portraiture is good and the love story well and simply told, the situations dramatic. Anstice Gatehouse has reason to suppose that her father is employed to forge ancient documents, and therefore leaves him and obtains a place as junior librarian in a suburban town. Later she is engaged to put in order the valuable contents of the library at Dams Castle, which contains amongst other valuables, an invaluable Shakespeare autograph. The position turns out to be one of great danger, as a Mexican millionaire is willing to pay any price for this document. Although the daughter is ignorant of the fact, her own father had preceded her as librarian and had been accused of helping to fake a codex of the fourth gospel. To him, in spite of appearances, the priceless thing is honour; to his daughter honour needs to be coupled with love to make it of the highest value.

Miss Charity Codolphin. By Gladys Murdoch. (Murray. 3/6.)

The story of a Scottish and Protestant soldier, who, trained in the army of Charles II., was troubled by different views of his duty when Monmouth rebelled, and who finally started to join him. On his road he met and fell in love with the daughter of a Somersetshire squire, and she it was who sheltered and helped him when the fiasco occurred. A pathetically interesting part of the story is that connected with the trial and execution of the Lady Alice Lisle.

An Unfinished Song. By Mrs. Ghosal. (Laurie. 3/6.)

The love story of an Indian girl, throwing many interesting sidelights on Indian customs and points of view. It is particularly interesting as being the work of a high caste Indian lady, one of the pioneers of the Woman Movement in Bengal, who nevertheless has not wholly emerged from the seclusion of the *Purdah*. Mrs. Ghosal, who is a sister of the poet Rabindranath Tagore, edits the magazine "*Bharoti*," is passionately devoted to India, and her desire is to rouse it from its lethargy, to inspire it to progress, and to help it to cast off the yoke of its debasing traditions.

The Road to Hillsbrow. By E. B. Loveday. (Chapman and Hall. 6/-.)

This is a pleasing, old-fashioned story of how John Hillion got his success as a composer. Of course, he wanted to write grand opera, and, not quite so, of course, he could write it; but promoters are incredulous, and so he made his first hit with a musical comedy. How he is helped in that by a poor cousin, and a strong, silent friend, Miss Loveday discloses very prettily. She has a genuine gift for humorous observation, and a knack of hit-

ting off the whimsies and oddnesses of real people.

Megan of the Dark Isle. By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. (Rivers. 3/6.)

This is a pleasantly old-fashioned story of mystery, love, and jealousy. Mrs. Arnold does not trouble much about characterisation. She is content to let her people be labelled by their actions, and there is no subtlety in her drawing. But she has a good eye for a situation and a deft method in handling it. The intertwined fortunes of Megan, her rascally husband Jan, her weak brother Evan, and the old student David Thelwall, of Carrog and Cwm, hold the reader's attention at least as closely as the more psychological adventures of modern novelists. The witch and her beautiful daughter give the required touch of grimness, while the character of Sammy, the "softie," who mutilates crabs because they feed on the drowned fishermen, is almost unnecessarily gruesome. Mrs. Arnold dates her story sixty years ago; and is a trifle over-conscientious in her insistence that manners were not then as they are now.

A Shameful Inheritance. By Katharine Tynan. (Cassell. 3/6.)

A simple, charming story as far as it goes, full of people either good or beautiful or both, and depending on the most extraordinary coincidences for its plot. The characters are indicated rather than delineated. The hero's mother, who was very wicked in the period before the book begins, is very good in the book itself, and seeks thus to atone for the "shameful inheritance" of which her son is kept in ignorance as long as possible. There are some sad mistakes and misunderstandings, but all comes comparatively right in the end. If, as I imagine, the book is meant as a mere piece of casual novel-making for the whiling away of an idle hour, it is successful enough.

Simon Heriot. By Patricia Wentworth. (Melrose. 3/6.)

"Simon Heriot" is, on the whole, well-written. The conversation is the weak point. I cannot conceive how a clever writer (and to have produced this book is the feat of a clever writer) can imagine that this sort of stuff is tolerable in the mouth of even a minor character—"Have you ever observed, my dear Simon, have you ever observed, or noticed, or formulated any theory upon the extraordinary state of hunger invariably and indisputably produced by anything in the shape of a family quarrel?" Simon, who is a sensible and thoughtful Socialist, leaves his stepfather's business because of the unhealthy conditions it involves for the workpeople, and becomes a journalist. He marries (or, rather, thinks he does, but she, all unbeknownst, was married before) a heartless, fascinating beauty (yes, she is really made rather fascinating); subsequently and properly, he marries a sympathetic little person, and meets with an accident, and is given up by the doctors, and cures himself by faith. Is this last incident intended as propaganda?

Quinneys. By H. A. Vachell. (John Murray. 3/6.)

John Quinneys is a remarkable creation, his character as composite as one of his Chippendale chairs. Practically his is the one character of the book; his wife, his daughter Posie, his friend and business rival, and the many other people with whom he comes in contact are but the accessory figures which bring his own out into strong relief. When his father died, leaving him his business as a seller of antiques, he realised for the first time in his life what freedom meant. How he made of the dull, dirty shop a resort full of beauty, obtained the friendship of a great Lord Mel and fought for the possession of the infatuated little daughter who had thrown herself into the arms of a man utterly unworthy of her, is handled with an artistry of which Vachell is past-master.

Maid of the Mist. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3/6.)

Mr. Oxenham's Adam and Eve are this time found off the shores of Newfoundland, shipwrecked on the shores of Sable Island, but better known as the Cemetery Island from the wrecks piled up there. That out of such materials the author makes an absorbing story goes without saying.

Letters from a Living Dead Man. By Elsa Baker. (Rider. 3/6.)

These letters were received by Miss Baker by means of automatic writing. Before these communications she had not been particularly interested in spiritualism or the possibility of communion between the spirit and the material worlds, but so sure is she now of their reality that she says for her they have removed all fear of death. The letters are written by one who in life held a high position in the legal profession and left this life, according to his own account, with the fixed determination to enter the next life as an explorer. The letters tell the result of his explorations, and although some of his observations are rather startling, the letters are full of interest. The writer dwells much on the power of thought and on the fact that we are each and all building our own future by our life here.

Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. (John Lane. 3/6.)

The Socialist in "Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels" is quite a different pair of shoes. He goes on the simple plan of taking what isn't his'n because he thinks it ought to be. I should be the last person to deny that that may be a justifiable process, but not—decidedly not—as Bert does it. A horrid fellow, Bert, and a caricature of a Socialist. But I think Mrs. Bryce may be acquitted of political intentions. She has to give some motive, so she gives Socialism. It doesn't quite wash, but it doesn't in the least matter. The whole point of the book is the plot, which not wild editors should drag from me. Robbery and murder and detectives and false clues, they are all here, and the whole thing is well worked out and well sustained.

The Celebrated Madame Campan. By Viollette Montagu. (Nash. 15/- net.)

The memoirs of Madame Campan, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, have long been famous. These are made use of in the present book, but the author has also ransacked other contemporary memoirs. The book, which is well illustrated, throws many fascinating lights on a fascinating period—the period, first, of Marie Antoinette, and afterwards of Napoleon.

Through Western Madagascar. By Walter D. Mercuse. (Hurst and Blackett. 7/6 net.)

Mr. Mercuse went through Western Madagascar "in quest of the golden bean"—in more prosaic words, of the butter bean. His interest in the export of beans resulted in meetings with curious men, birds and plants, and in the enthusiasm of discovery he has written this book. One of the most interesting pages tells us how, in order to make the Sakalava natives work, the French Government has forbidden the immigration of any other native workers into their territory, as a consequence of which "the Sakalava, fearing that this regulation will ultimately result in their offspring becoming 'slaves' of the white men, are killing all their new-born children." The white men of the country seem an odd lot, some of them marrying native wives and subsisting on the charity of their parents-in-law. "I came across one specimen, formerly a captain in the Swiss artillery, who would collect armed bands of Mesikoros and organise raids upon the harmless and peaceful villagers for miles round, torturing them and impounding them at his will." Mr. Mercuse has included in his book some notes on two of the rising industries of Western Madagascar—cattle and rubber.

France from Behind the Veil. By Count Paul Vassili. (Cassell. 16/- net.)

The writer professes to be a secretary to the Russian Embassy, and he gives a very eulogistic account of Napoleon III. and his beautiful Empress. Of the Emperor it is said that his was essentially a kind nature, and during the eighteen years of his reign he did an enormous amount of good. Though the Empress was forty years old when the writer first saw her, she eclipsed all other women with her fairy-like figure and lovely face. Our author left Paris before its investment by the Germans, and went to the Tuileries just after the departure of the Empress; it was so unexpected that he found one of her maids preparing her bed as usual. The gift of Chantilly to the nation is not enthusiastically approved, and the Dreyfus and Panama incidents are coldly described. Madame Juliette Adam, Leon Gambetta, and each one of the French Presidents, excepting the present, has his own special anecdote, but Frenchmen will hardly be gratified at the author's dictum, "Patriotism with Frenchmen is mostly a question of words and rarely goes beyond phrases."



HOME CIRCLE.



SYSTEM IN THE HOME—III. By Christine Frederick.

The military or traditional plan of management is outgrown in industry—it is also being outgrown in the home. The woman must have more sources of management knowledge—there must be more available sources of personal efficiency counsel, such as business and industry are now organising.

Lectures on domestic science and home efficiency have increased by the hundreds; in fact, interest in domestic science courses and lectures was a forerunner of the efficiency idea. Next in importance, perhaps, has been the development of the pure-food movement. It has been brought home to the American woman that family efficiency is dependent on healthful cooking and on knowledge of food values. Efficiency in buying has been further stimulated by the formation of such organisations of club women as The Housewives' League, Consumers' League, etc., which try to obtain closer co-operation and less waste between the producer and consumer, and in the social and economic sense are working toward the same ideal of more scientific management of the home.

As evidence of the great interest in bringing the home to a more scientific basis there have been innumerable articles and speeches from experts on the "budget" plan of effecting home economy. The methods followed by governments and corporations have been noted, and the same methods adapted to the handling of home finances. Instead of guess work and slouchy accounts, the home-maker is being shown how to apportion her income to the various departments of operating expense—rent, food, shelter, and clothes—and by business discipline to keep within the "appropriations."

IMPROVED EQUIPMENT.

The increasing demand among householders that hand labour shall be replaced by machinery, just as it has done in the factory, has created an immense market for the manufacture of labour-savers and devices for the home. Some one has suggested that there is a new egg beater born every minute! Certainly the number of devices and apparatus is greatly increasing—quite beyond the bounds of reason. It is quite certain that women usually overbuy in household equipment of the cheaper kind, and neglect to buy important and efficient equipment of a good quality. There are a great many splendid time and labour-saving articles for the home which are comparatively unknown, but which deserve wider use and appreciation.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE DOING.

The domestic science schools are now turning their attention more to the practical side of their work, making it rather the application of practical knowledge than the art of "teaching teachers to teach teachers." This is evidenced by the large number attending summer classes at Teachers' College, Columbia University; and one of the most significant of all tendencies is the number of actual housekeepers who are attending school in spare time trying to bring more science and intelligence into the management of their homes.

Out of one class of forty at Teachers' College, it is authoritatively stated "that twenty-five were either housewives now, or were taking the course expecting to use this knowledge in their housekeeping. A few out of that number were teachers, too, but were working out as a sort of side issue efficiency problems while they kept house. The number of housewives attending this institution is increasing—those that come for but one

course or two, as they are able—hoping to become enlightened on some of these difficult household problems.”

More than 200 persons took brief courses for home use in some household science subject last year in the School of Household Science and Arts of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FARMER'S WIFE.

It has been remarked many times that while governments—both State and National—spend actual millions upon decreasing the toil and increasing the results of the *man's* work on the farm, nothing has been done for the farm woman. The farm kitchen is still in the same archaic state as in the day when men gathered wheat with the cradle scythe—but the barn is full of wonderful new machinery! The cooking is no better, while the cooking utensils are practically unchanged.

As a matter of fact, it was the Western agricultural colleges, trained to be alert for the modern and the scientific, which were among the first of all educational institutions to give welcome place to domestic science courses. The buxom corn-belt farm girls learned how to “balance a meal” before the pampered daughters of New York and the East knew there was such a thing. The practical side of life has always appealed to the typical mid-Western rural folk, and they were not slow to use their opportunities.

We may, therefore, look for science in the farm kitchens as well as on the farm fields, in the work of the vigorous young generation.

In a degree, the same problem of monotony and aimlessness which scientific management has had to deal with in shops is one of the most serious which the application of efficiency has to deal with for home women. It cannot be denied that the task of stimulating women in individual homes—where there is no competitive spur, no organisation, and no required discipline and accounting—is a big one. Cynical editors of great women's periodicals openly say that women over thirty-five are hopeless—they can't be budged by any idea or prod; that only the younger generation is responsive. But the women under thirty-five are counted by the million, and they have the next generation in their keeping. To win *them* is to establish the new home-making—the life for woman freed from demeaning house drudgery—the opportunity to give thought and care to the wider range of interests which it is now certain will be woman's future sphere. She will follow the old home interests out into wider life where they have scattered, and she will be as she always has been, faithful first to home and family interests, once she has found the key to her own personal development to meet her greatly changed environment. And that key I firmly believe to be the application of Emerson's twelve principles of efficiency.

LITTLE CRUELITIES TO CHILDREN.

By BERTHA H. SMITH.

She had been sitting as still as a three-year-old can or as long as a three-year-old will, when her mother saw her begin to pat a chubby leg with a chubby hand.

“What is it, dear?” said the mother, with the anxious tone in which a mother hen clucks to her one chick.

“Oh, mother, my leg is so dreary,” complained the little one.

The plaint was not a new one, and each time it was uttered it puzzled the mother more than before. Now for the

hundredth time the mother asked: “What does it feel like, dear?”

And this time the answer came: “It feels like ‘buzz.’”

And the mother knew that the little leg was asleep. It had never occurred to that mother any more than it has occurred to thousands of others how natural it is for a little leg to become “dreary” from dangling over the edge of a chair, with no rest for the feet and no rest for the back. In that particular house, before another twenty-four hours

had passed there was a child's low chair in every room; and after this only child came to the estate of grown folks' chairs, one of her baby chairs was kept that there might never be an excuse for dreary legs when there were child visitors in the house.

This is but one of many little cruelties to children of which grown-ups are unconsciously guilty every hour of every day. In this case there is not only the temporary discomfort of the child to be reckoned with, but the interruption of circulation often repeated brings about a condition that may result in atrophy of the muscles, which is the cause of many slight deformities in children.

There is also the ever present danger of a child's falling from a high chair, sustaining permanent injury. The cost of a low chair is a trifling thing: mothers should stop and think how they would like to sit on a chair about as high as a sideboard or a chiffonier.

There is a time, however, when the chair which is too high for comfort becomes too low for comfort. That is at table. The whole world is made on a big-folks scale. And in the change from high chair to ordinary dinner chair, without the intermediate step of a three-quarters chair, and in the adjustment of the small child to table things used by grown people, there are troubles aplenty for the little one. The table is up under the chin, which is awkward with her short allowance of arm. The knife and fork are about what a carving set would be for her father or mother. There is no longer a friendly tray to catch what slips over the edge of the plate, and the glass is much harder to clutch than a mug with a handle. Altogether, eating after the manner of grown persons is fraught with difficulties that it is strange we forget so entirely once we are grown up.

In the matter of eating children are humoured too much. And the stomach is the root of all physical evil. A normal child's appetite is very apt to be abnormal. Grown people only have to eat enough to make heat; children are making bone and muscle. But most

children can eat enough at three meals to keep their bodies going, and it is very harmful to the child to allow it to eat between meals, particularly sweets. There are children, however, whose appetites are small and who cannot eat enough at meal time to supply the needs of a growing body. Such children should have four or even five meals a day, but these should be at regular hours.

Again, many children have not enough sleep. An early supper and early to bed make a child healthy and bright-eyed and happy, which is more than the healthy and wise of the adage. Every child of twelve years and under should be in bed by eight o'clock, and a good long nap every afternoon is a good thing, not only for the child, but for the mother.

Every doctor and nurse who has to do with children has something to add to the list of cruelties to children of which even the most doting of parents are often guilty. One of these is the sending of timid children into the dark alone. No two children are alike in the matter of fear. To some it only comes with the knowledge of danger; with others it is instinctive; and to such, particularly if they are high-strung and imaginative, the dark has a nameless terror. It is cruel to send such a child alone from a room where there are lights and people into the big, black, lonesome dark. And it is worse than cruel, it is criminal, to tell such children that there are bogies and things which are going to catch them. Children have been frightened into convulsions and even made idiots by the tales of ignorant nurses and senseless mothers.

One of the most common cruelties, and one which is committed most unconsciously, is the failure to give children enough water. Even the tiniest infant needs cold water and should receive it from the tip of a spoon from the day it is born. Many a child cries for want of water, and everything else from candy to a spanking is offered to stop the crying.

(To be continued.)

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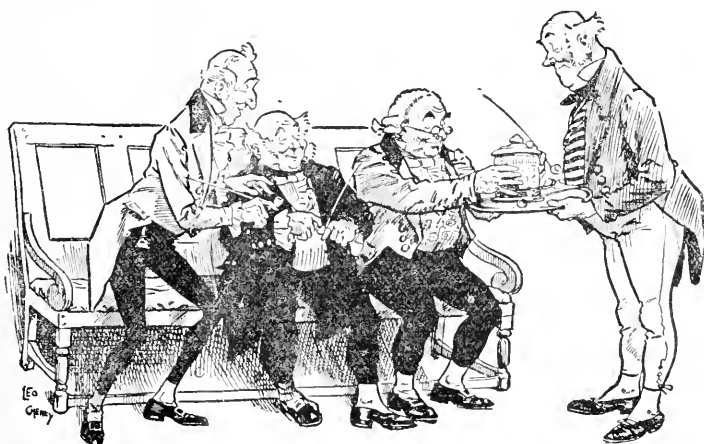
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EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Haden Guest contributes to *The Theosophist* an instructive article on the fit and proper training of children, under the title, "Theosophy and the Child." Although the article is written mainly for Theosophists and those who believe in reincarnation, it should be of interest to parents and all who have the welfare of the children at heart. Mr. Guest lays great emphasis on the importance of surroundings both before and after birth, and also the importance of nutrition. He says:—

By the time the child is born into the physical world its brain is equipped with the number of brain-cells which it is going to have for the rest of its life, and the main lines of its bodily structure are laid down. If, therefore, in that period there is any malnutrition, if the child does not get sufficient nourishment, the brain-cells and the foundations of the body may be seriously affected.

After birth, he says:—

Many children, even children belonging to well-circumstanced people, do not get a sufficiency of the right kind of food. At some of the large public schools, for instance, children are not always given enough food for the work they are doing while undergoing such a stress of physical and mental activity as school-work implies.

Another very important matter is that of cleanliness. He says:—

It is the habit of English people to consider that they are a clean nation. That is one of our errors. We are only a few of us clean, and a great many people are not clean because they have never been taught how to be clean; they have never been taught how to wash themselves.

Mr. Guest then goes into the matter of clothing, which he says should be loose, with no restraint or restriction anywhere either for girl or boy. As to

the importance of the training of children's senses, he has much to say. Specially interesting is what he has to say about the sense of vision:—

In order that the sense of sight may be properly developed, it is necessary that there should be long distances for a child to see. Vision cannot be properly developed in a crowded-up city area. . . . One of the reasons why so many children of the present day suffer from defective vision is because they are brought up in towns and because they do not have long stretches to look over. The importance of this consideration is recognised in the 1913 Report of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education in England, in which it is recommended that schoolroom windows should always be low enough for children to look out and so rest their eyes from the strain of near vision.

People, he says, do not as yet realise the importance of dealing with slight mal-developments, slight troubles of the eyes, nose, throat, and so on. Very important is any trouble with the teeth, and even more important is the digestion. A child's digestion should be as perfect as it can be made.

Mr. Guest has a great deal to say about the emotions. Few people, he says, "realise that emotion has a physical basis, or that emotions are expressed in the changes in the physical body." For instance, he says:—

If you are trying to suggest the emotion of depression, you will not hold your head erect; you will let it hang down, with your arms flaccid, and your jaw held slackly, because these particular positions have their definite relation with the emotions. Now, if you will practise this yourself, you will find a very remarkable result. Supposing you feel depressed and you know it is unreasonable; then, if you deliberately sit up straight, put your shoulders back, laugh, and take long and deep breaths, you will find that your depression begins to go. And so with your other emotions, by simulating the pos-

ture, the position and the bodily changes which accompany an emotion, you can induce that emotion in yourselves.

He concludes the article by urging those of his readers who feel the necessity of giving their children these advantages to do their utmost to make it possible to provide the same for all children.

WOMEN STUDENTS IN GERMANY.

In an article in *La Revue Générale* on "German Women at the Universities," Dr. Berthold Missiaen, after pointing out the necessity which exists at the present day for more instruction for women, goes on to show to what extent women in Germany have taken advantage of the University career which has recently been opened up to them. He says that although from the autumn of 1908 to 1912 the number of women students rose from 1172 to 2586, there are only 2586 women to 54,525 men students, so that there is yet much progress to be made. The same state of affairs exists at the high schools or technical schools, where again the men entirely outnumber the women students. The author largely attributes this lack of response on the part of the women to the need of better preparation for a university career in the schools, particularly in Prussia. The Catholic students, he tells us, who in 1908 only numbered 61 to 150 Jewesses and 488 Protestants, in 1911 had risen to 305, the Protestants to 1168, but the Jewesses had dropped to third place with 247.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN RUSSIA.

Russkoye Bogatstvo (*Russian Wealth*), in an article called "Workman or Aesthetics," discusses the life and work of Russian schoolmasters. The sordid conditions under which they have to work is notorious. Almost half of the public schools in Russia are situ-

ated in small, filthy, smoky peasants' huts, recalling the Irish "hedge schools" of the days of Carleton. The teacher's room is often without a window. School merely represents a sort of refuge for troublesome brats. It is well known, too, that the hatred of the peasants towards the schoolmaster is blind and cruel. There is no chance of any real culture under such conditions. The good-nature and gentleness of the Russian schoolmaster is mistaken for weakness and incapacity for self-defence.

Modern Language Teaching has an interesting account of the inspection of the various holiday courses held in France and Switzerland—that is to say, in Nancy; in Dijon, where there were 133 students, of whom about a dozen were British; Neuchatel, with a similar proportion of students; Lausanne, where the German group was by far the largest, and Geneva, in which town the distinctive characteristic of the course was the instruction given by M. Thudichum and his staff on Phonetics. There were over 750 students at Grenoble, where M. Rosset's scheme of instruction was designed for a course of four months.

A great deal of information is given in *Vragen des Tijds* about the Utrecht High School during the French domination, which ended a century ago. Theology was much in evidence in Utrecht in 1810-11, for we find that 86 out of 197 students were devoting their time to that branch of learning, while at least four out of the thirteen professors were theologians. There is an idea that this was due to the fact that theological students were exempt from military service. There are many entertaining details concerning Napoleon's scheme for an Imperial University and other matters.

From Locke to Montessori. By W. Boyd. (George Harrap. 2 6 net.)

This criticism of the Montessori point of view is of intense interest to all connected with education. Dr. Boyd traces the genesis of Mme. Montessori's system in certain of the famous educationists who have preceded her. The defects of the

system are clearly stated on the whole. Dr. Boyd, however, argues against the systematic establishment of Children's Houses, because it would encourage mothers to go out to work. His argument would be sounder if all mothers had husbands able and willing to support them and their children.



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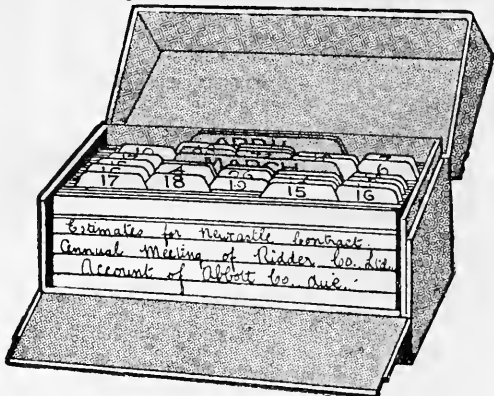
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FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

CONDUCTED BY ALEX. JOBSON, A.I.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOOD PIPE CO. LTD.

The directors of this company are evidently confident as to the future of the business. Otherwise they would scarcely have given the shareholders so generous a dividend as $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the June, 1914, half-year, seeing that it increased the dividend charge by £820, though the increase in the net profits to £6682 was only £308. Certainly the current dividend includes a bonus of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, still the directors will not find it easy not to repeat it next time, and revert to 10 per cent. per annum. The dividend, too, is even more generous than it looks, for it is being paid for the full year on the new capital of £5728, which was only subscribed on June 15.

There is this, too, that the reserves of the company are not by any means large in comparison with the assets, now nearly £109,000. Certainly £1074 of the current profit is added to the reserve account, but even so the total of that account is only £4000. This sum is the only reserve the company has except the balance of £1500 of the past half-year's profit, which is set aside for the expenditure in connection with the moving of plant and stock from Balmain to the new premises at Lane Cove.

Though the increase in the net earnings during the half-year was not large, the company seems to be doing well. The directors certainly do not in the report say much about it. They say that "future prospects of the company are good," and that the contract for pipes for the Umberumberka Water Supply is practically completed, and that all pipes laid are giving good satisfaction. Moreover, that the South Australian Government contract is not yet completed. Nothing is said, however, about new contracts. Still, the calling up in February last of the balance uncalled on the old shares (of which, however, only about £1000 was unpaid at De-

cember 31), and the issue of 10,000 new £1 shares paid to 10s., suggests that the prospects are sufficiently bright to warrant more capital being obtained.

Some of this new money is apparently wanted for new plant. The directors have purchased a freehold property of about 4 acres with water frontage at Lane Cove River. Buildings have been erected and new machinery of the most modern type is to be installed, and should be working in September. The plant at Balmain factory, the lease of which is expiring, will be used in the meantime, so that there will be no loss of time or break in the output.

This explains in a measure the increase of about £3800 in the property and plant (less depreciation) to nearly £28,500. The company's chief asset, however, is the stocks on hand, which have risen by nearly £7600 to over £52,000. The valuation of so important an asset is not referred to in the report, though it would be of interest to shareholders to know that it has been made on conservative lines. The same comment may be made in regard to the sundry debtors, now over £25,600, a figure very little above that of December last. The only other assets are the sundry deposits on contracts, £2100, and patents, £572.

The liabilities of the company have not moved to any extent during the half-year, the present total, £33,000, being only about £800 higher. The surplus assets of £69,728 are mainly all for the security of the paid-up capital of £65,728 (£60,000 in £1 fully paid shares, and £5728, the amount paid up on the 10,000 new £1 shares), as the reserve account is but small, £4000. The assets value per fully paid share is 1s. 2d., so that in the current selling price of 24s. (at the time of writing) there is 2s. 10d. for goodwill.

THE TRUSTEES' EXECUTORS & AGENCY CO. LTD.

There was certainly a wonderful improvement in this company's earning power during its June, 1914, half-year. Usually it makes between £5000 and £6000, though in December, 1912, its net profits rose to over £6300. In the period just ended, however, it earned no less than £11,005, over £5000 more than it did in December last. This rather extraordinary result the directors pass over in their report without any explanation. They certainly say that "the value of new business for the half-year is a record in the company's history." But that comment applies rather to the record growth of over £906,000 in the trust business to nearly £11,106,000. It can scarcely refer to the handsome increase in the profit earned.

* * *

It would seem that this rise in the earnings was due to some exceptionally large commissions earned or released during the period. If this be so, then it might well have been so stated in the report. Otherwise shareholders may wrongly assume that the profit was really normal, and that the current half-year may be expected to earn a like sum. Such an opinion if it became common might embarrass the directors, if the earning power should fall away to the average of about £5600 current in previous half-years.

* * *

The directors, however, consider its repetition likely. For one thing, they have added to the dividend of 8 per cent. per annum a bonus of 1 per cent. making 10 per cent. per annum for the half-year. Then "in view of the large increase in the business" they have decided to issue to the shareholders during the current half-year, 40,000 £2 10s. shares paid to 30s., at a premium of 5s. each, that is 35s. in all. This will bring in £70,000, of which £60,000 will be share capital, increasing the total paid up to £150,000, and the balance of £10,000 will be added to the reserve fund, making it £60,000. Now, to pay even 8 per cent. per annum on £150,000 will require £6000 half-yearly, a bigger sum than the company earned in any

half-year prior to June, 1914, with one exception. Truly the directors (who, of course, know what the company really does earn), expect the earnings of the past half-year, phenomenal though they were, to be maintained in future. It is to be hoped that they will.

* * *

The directors did not confine their generosity to the shareholders. They also gave the officers a share in the enhanced earnings by distributing among them a 10 per cent. bonus on their salaries. The amount required was £1267, which, with the dividend, £4500, left £5238 still available. Of this £5000 was taken to write the freehold property down to £52,500 (it had already been written down by over £11,800 to £57,500) and the balance of £238 was added to the profit and loss account, making it £2490.

* * *

The company's assets, which now amount to £153,000, comprise freehold property, £57,500, Government and municipal securities, £14,800, mortgages £16,700, cash £12,000, sundry debtors £1680, furniture and fittings £500, and the investments of £50,000 to secure the reserve fund of that amount. These investments are made up of about £26,700 in Government and municipal securities, and about £23,300 in mortgages. The various Government and municipal securities are (with the exception of £10,300 Victorian Inscribed Stock at par, and £12,000 Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works 3½ per cent. debentures), shown at cost, and are set out in detail, so that anyone may note how they compare with present market prices. The mortgages presumably are on first-class securities, conservatively valued.

As the company has no liabilities, the whole of these assets belong absolutely to the shareholders. After allowing for the distribution of the profits there remains about £142,490, securing the paid-up capital of £90,000 (60,000 £2 10s. shares paid to 30s.), reserve fund £50,000, and profit and loss balance £2490.

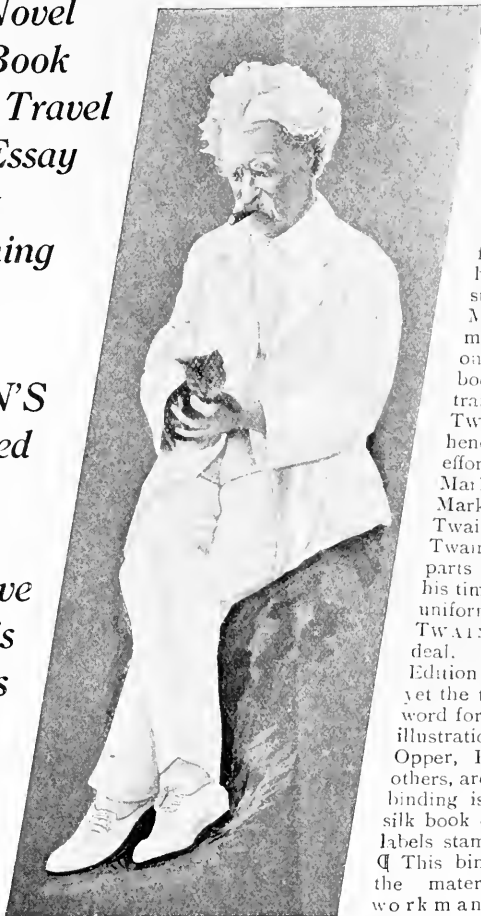
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Melbourne.—The Melbourne branch celebrated the completion of its first year in its present premises by a smoke night on July 22nd. The Lord Mayor took the chair, and the principal speaker was the Hon. Alfred Deakin, who received a most enthusiastic welcome from the large number of members present. The Lord Mayor indicated that the time had come now for federating the various branches of the Over Seas Club in Australia, and foreshadowed the creation of some Commonwealth Executive. The various branches will be approached in due course in the matter. The Hon. O. R. Snowball, M.L.A., spoke before the Lord Mayor distributed the very fine prizes won in the billiard and snooker competitions, which had been held in the Club rooms. Mr. Manson (N.Z.), Rev. Major Holden, and Mr. Henry Stead replied for the guests. The last-named referred to the fact that next year Great Britain and the United States were celebrating the completion of one hundred years of peace between the two nations, and urged that Australia should take part in these demonstrations of a friendly feeling between the two great branches of the English-speaking world. He pointed out that the future of the Pacific rested with the United States, New Zealand and Australia, and that it was imperative that there should be a close understanding between these three, a sentiment which was heartily applauded. The chairman indicated that negotiations for the acquisition of large premises in the centre of Melbourne were practically complete, and he appealed for the loyal support of members to make the venture a success. The balance-sheet and report disclose an excellent state of affairs, and although the subscription has been raised to 10s. 6d., very few members are falling out, whilst new ones are coming in every day.

Hobart.—At the meeting of the executive which was held at the Club rooms on July 1st, the president (Mr. H. T. Gould) announced that the membership of the branch was now 671. The question of affiliation with London

was left over until the annual meeting, which is to be held shortly. The ladies have decided to hold a free afternoon tea at the Club rooms once in each month, so that members may get to know one another. Each lady on the committee presides in turn. Mr. Dobson Hesp, the hon. secretary, visited Melbourne, and whilst there discussed with the Melbourne executive various questions dealing with the suggested federation of the Australian branches.

Burnie, Tas.—Mr. Baldwin reports that the branch in Burnie is not flourishing as well as could be desired. He is at present the only officer, but hopes that ere long the organisation will be on a good footing. The membership is slowly increasing. Burnie itself is progressing in a wonderful manner, and the Over Seas Club ought not to lag behind.

Cympie, Qld.—The lady members of the Club met at the residence of Mrs. Cuppaidge and held a meeting, presided over by the president (Dr. Cuppaidge). It was decided to celebrate the fourth birthday of the Club on August 27th by an open-air fête in the Queen's Park, at which, amongst other items, a prize will be given for the best arrangement of the Club's badge in sweet-peas. A ladies' committee was formed, and it was decided to start a Women's guild, with the intention of making clothes for charitable distribution. An ambulance class is to be formed, and the president will give a course of lectures. Arrangements have already been made for holding a social during the winter months.

Mackay, Qld.—An inaugural meeting was held on 16th July, and it is confidently expected that as both Colonel Hodges and the Mayor, Alderman Fay, are interesting themselves in the movement there will soon be a very strong branch there.

Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.—Mr. F. Purnell reports that a meeting was held on July 13th, on which occasion there was a record attendance. At the next meeting, on August 10th, the Club will consider the best means of encouraging compulsory military training, and a lady member who has recently visited several New Zealand centres will relate her experiences.

New Zealand.—The annual meeting of the Dominion Council was held at the Town Hall, Wellington, on July 24th, a report of which will appear in our next number.

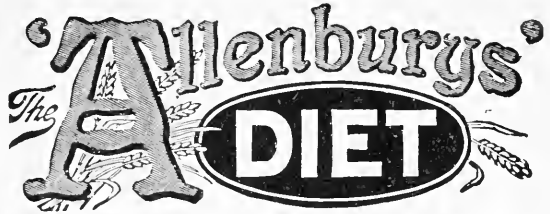
Dunedin, N.Z.—A social meeting of members will be held on August 27th to celebrate the birthday of the Club.

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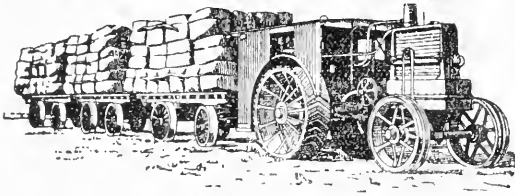
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The Over Seas' Club is strictly non-party, non-sectarian, and recognises no distinction of class. Its members reside in all parts of the world *outside* the United Kingdom. Membership is open to any British subject, British born or naturalised.

Information concerning the Over Seas Club can be obtained from the following:—

Australia: Victoria.—Rev. Tregarthen, Empire Arcade, Flinders-street, Melbourne.

Queensland.—Sidney Austen (Hon. State Secretary), Toowoomba.

South Australia.—A. E. Davey, Curriestreet, Adelaide.

Tasmania.—H. T. Gould, J.P., 94 Elizabeth-street, Hobart.

New Zealand.—J. K. Macfie (Hon. Dominion Secretary), 79 Castle-street, Dunedin.

Fiji.—A. J. Armstrong, Native Office, Suva, Fiji.

Canada; Ontario.—Miss O. I. Ward, The Rochdale, 320 Cooper-street, Ottawa.

Manitoba.—R. J. McOnie, 1003 McArthur Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Saskatchewan.—E. A. Matthews, P.O. Box 1629, Saskatoon.

Alberta.—E. Livesay, 832 Ottawa-avenue, Edmonton.

British Columbia.—W. Blackmore, "The Week," Victoria.

Nova Scotia.—H. Howe, P.O. Box 370, Halifax.

South Africa: Natal.—W. A. Coates, 230 Church-street, Pietermaritzburg.

Transvaal.—W. Crofton Forbes, Director of Prisons Office, Pretoria.

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